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RALPH WALDO EMERSON; OR, THE "COMING MAN."

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

AMERICAN LITERATURE has been long a "mountain in labor," and might have been expected to bring forth either a mouse or a monster. Many will deem the mouse aptly typified by the numerous small poets and essayists who abound in that country; and some will see the monster in the strange, eccentric, and untamable son of the wilderness before us. It is not, however, in this light that we regard Emerson. We look on him as a genuine man, whose mistakes as well as merits unite in stamping on his character the ineffaceable marks of sincerity, dignified simplicity and independence, as well as of a peculiar and powerful genius.

Elsewhere we have spoken shortly, but sincerely, of Emerson, and, even at the risk of egotism, we must say, that we have been not a little amused at the treatment which our remarks have met with from the press of America. So far as we can judge from periodicals and newspapers, from Baltimore to Boston, a cry of universal reprobation has assailed that article. It has fallen between two stools—on the one hand, Emerson's detractors are furious with us, for placing him at the head of American literature, and so far they are right—though a most national writer, to American literature he does not belong. He is among them, but not of them—a separate state, which no Texas negotiation will ever be able to annex to their territory. On the other hand, the school of Transcendentalists contend that we do him less than justice, that our lines are unable to measure or to hold this leviathan; and the opinion of one American author to this effect, deeply humiliated us, till accidentally falling in with her own criticisms, and finding that, among other judgments of the same kind, she preferred Southey, as a poet, to Shelley, we were not a little comforted, and began to think that, perhaps, we had as good a right to think and speak about Emerson as herself. "Verily, a prophet hath honor, save in his own country, and among those of his own house"—an expression containing much more truth than it at first seems to imply; for, indeed, the honor given in one's own country is often as worthless as the neglect or abuse; and, notwithstanding the well-known French adage, the vilest and commonest of hero-worship is that of valets and parasites, who measure their idol by the standard of his superiority to their own littleness. Hero-worship, however, even in its worst form, is preferable to that spirit of jealousy which pervades much of the American

press in reference to Emerson, which, at the mention of his name, elicits in each journal a long list of illustrious-obscure, (like a shower of bats from the roof of a barn on the entrance of a light,) in its judgment superior to him—as though a Cockney insulted by a panegyric on Carlyle, as one of the principal literary ornaments of London, were to produce and parade the name of the subordinate scribblers in the *Satirist*, *Literary Gazette*, &c., as the genuine galaxy of her mental firmament. With occasional exceptions, the great general rule is—how does a name sound afar!—does it return upon us from the horizon!—what impression does it make upon those who, unprejudiced either for or against the author personally—uncircumscribed by clique or coterie—unaltered by adverse, unsoftened by favorable criticism, have fairly brought his works to the test of their own true-feeling and true-telling souls!

This has been eminently the case with Emerson. To him Britain is beginning to requite the justice which America, to her honor, first awarded to Carlyle. Sincere spirits, in every part of the country, who have, many of them, no sympathy with Emerson's surmised opinions, delight, nevertheless, to do him honor, as an earnest, honest, and gifted man, caught, indeed, and struggling in a most alien element, standing almost alone in a mechanical country, and teaching spiritual truth to those to whom Mammon—not Moses—has become the lawgiver, and Cant—not Christ—the God, but as yet faithful to the mission with which he deems himself to be fraught.

Alike careless and fearless of the judgment which may be passed by any party here or in America, on our opinions, we propose now to extend our former estimate of Emerson—an estimate which has at once been strengthened and modified by the volume of poems he has recently issued.

And first of his little volume of poems. They are not wholes, but extracts, from the volume of his mind. They are, as he truly calls some of them, "Woodnotes," as beautiful, changeful, capricious, and unfathomable often, as the song of the birds. On hearing such notes we sometimes ask ourselves, "What says that song which has lapped us in such delicious reverie, and made us almost forget the music in the sweet thoughts which are suggested by it?" Vain the question, for is not the suggestion of such sweet thoughts saying enough, saying all that it was needed to say? It is the bird that speaks—our own soul alone can furnish the interpretation. So with many of the poems of Emerson. They mean absolutely nothing—they are mere nonsense-verses—except to those who have learned their cipher, and whose heart instinctively dances to their tune. It is of-

ten a worldless music—a wild wailing rhythm—a sound inexplicable but no more absurd or meaningless than the note of the flute or the thrill of the mountain bagpipe. Who would, or who, though willing, could translate into common, into *all* language, that train of thought and emotion, long as the life of the soul, and wide as the curve of the sphere, which one inarticulate melody can awaken in the mind? So some of Emerson's verses float us away, listening and lost, on their stream of sound, and of dim suggestive meaning. Led himself, as he repeatedly says, "as far as the incommunicable," he leads us into the same mystic region, and we feel that even in nature there are things unutterable, which it is not possible for the tongue of man to utter, and which yet are real as the earth and the heavens. Coleridge remarks, that wherever you find a sentence musically worded, of true rhythm, and melody in the words, there is something deep and good in the meaning too. Mere no-meaning will not wed with sweet sound. We do not profess to be in the secret of some of the more mystic poems in this volume, such as "Uriel" and the "Sphinx." Nor can we think that there is much *room* behind the mystic screen—where the poet stands—between his song and the "Oversoul;" but we are ready to apply the old Socratic rule in his behalf—what we understand is excellent, what we do not understand is likely to be excellent too.

A man is often better than his theory, however good and comparatively true that theory be; and this holds especially true of a poet's creed, which, however dry, hard, and abstract, flushes into beauty at his touch, even as the poet's cottage has charms about it, which are concealed from the vulgar eye; and the poet's bride is often by him prodigally clothed with beauties which niggard nature had denied her. What Mr. Emerson's creed is, we honestly say we do not know—that all we can confidently assert concerning it is, that you cannot gather it like apples into baskets, nor grind it like corn into provender, nor wind and unwind it like a hank of yarn, nor even collect it like sunlight into a focus, and analyze it into prismatic points, whether five or seven—nor inclose it within all the vocabularies of all vernacular tongues; and yet that it is not so bad or unholy, but that *in his mind*, Beauty pitches her tents around its borders, and Wonder looks up toward it with rapt eye, and Song tunes sweet melodies in its praise, and Love, like the arms of a child seeking to span a giant oak, seeks to draw into her embrace its immeasurable vastness. It is such a creed as a man might form and subscribe in a dream, and when he awoke receive a gentle shrift from wise and gentle confessors. Why criticise or condemn the long nocturnal reverie of a poetic mind, seeking to impose its soft fantasy upon the solid and stupendous universe! We will pass it by in silence, simply retorting the smile with which he regards our sterner theories, as we watch him weaving his network of cobweb around the limbs of the "Sphinx," and deeming that he has her fast.

This, indeed, is the great fault of Emerson. He has a penchant for framing brain-webs of all sorts and sizes; and because they hang beautifully in the sunbeam, and wave gracefully in the breeze, and are to his eye peopled with a fairy race, he deems them worthy of all acception, and we verily believe would mount the scaffold, if requisite, for the wildest day-dream that ever crossed his soul among the woods. It was for visions as palpable as the sun that the ancient prophets sacrificed or perilled their lives. It was for facts of which their own eyes and ears were cognizant that the apostles of the Lamb loved not their lives unto the death. It was not till this age that "Cloud-land," nay, dreamland—dimmer still—have sent forth their missionary to testify, with rapt look, and face inflamed, and surging eloquence, his belief in the shadows of his own thoughts.

Emerson, coming down among men from his mystic altitudes, reminds us irresistibly at times of Rip Van Winkle, with his grey beard and rusty firelock, descending the Catskill mountains, from his sleep of a hundred years. A dim, sleepy atmosphere hangs around him. All things have an unreal appearance. Men seem like trees walking. Of his own identity, he is by no means certain. As in the "Taming of the Shrew," the sun and the moon seem to have interchanged places; and yet, arrived at his native village, he (not exactly like honest Rip) sets up a grocer's shop, and sells, not the mystic draught of the mountain, but often the merest commonplace preparations of an antiquated morality.

In fact, nothing is more astounding about this writer than the mingled originality and triteness of his matter. Now he speaks as if from inmost communion with the soul of being; Nature seems relieved of a deep burden which had long lain on her bosom, when some of his oracular words are uttered; and now it is as if the throat of the thunder had announced the rule of three—as if the old silence had been broken, to enunciate some truism which every schoolboy had long ago recorded in his copy-book. The "Essay on Compensation," for example, proves most triumphantly that vice is its own punishment, and virtue its own reward; but, so far as it seeks to show that vice is its own *only* punishment, and virtue its own *only* reward, it signally fails. The truth, indeed, is this—vice does punish, and terribly punish, its victims, but who is to punish vice? How is it to be gibbeted for the warning of the moral universe? Can a mere under-current of present punishment be sufficient for this, if there be such a thing as a great general commonwealth in the universe at all? Must it not receive, as the voluntary act of responsible agents, some public and final rebuke? The compensation which it at present obtains is but comparatively a course of private teaching; and does not the fact, that it is on the whole unsuccessful, create a necessity for a more public, strict, and effectual reckoning and instruction?

Thus, what is true in this celebrated essay, is not new; and what is new, is not true. This is

not unfrequently the manner of Mr. Emerson. To an egregious truism he sometimes suddenly appends a paradox as egregious. Like a stolid or a sly servant at the door of a drawing-room, he calls out the names of an old respected guest, and of an intruding and presumptuous charlatan, so quickly and so close together, that they appear to the company to enter as a friendly pair. Of intentional deception on such matters, we cheerfully and at once acquit him; but to his eye, emerging from the strange, dreamy, abnormal regions in which he has dwelt so long, old things appear new, and things new to very crudity appear stamped with the authority, and covered with the hoary grandeur of age.

Emerson's object of worship has been by many called nature—it is, in reality, man; but by man, in his dark ambiguities and inconsistencies, repelled, he has turned round and sought to see his face exhibited in the reflector of nature. It is man whom he seeks everywhere in the creation. In pursuit of an ideal of man, he runs up the midnight winds of the forest and questions every star of the sky. To gain some authentic tidings of man's origin—his nature—past and future history—he listens with patient ear to the songs of birds—the wail of torrents—as if each smallest surge of air were whispering, could he but catch the meaning, about man. He feels that every enigma runs into the great enigma—what is man? and that if he could but unlock his own heart, the key of the universe were found. Perhaps nature, in some benignant or unguarded hour, will tell him where that key was lost! At all events, he will persist in believing that the creation is a vast symbol of man; that every tree and blade of grass is somehow cognate with his nature, and significant of his destiny; and that the remotest stars are only the distant perspective of that picture of which he is the central figure.

It is this which so beautifies nature to his eye—that gives him more than an organic or associated pleasure in its forms—and renders it to him, not so much an object of love or of admiration, as of ardent study. To many, nature is but the face of a great doll—a well-painted insipidity; to Emerson, it has sculptured on it an unknown but mighty language, which he hopes yet to decipher. Could he but understand its alphabet!—could he but accurately spell out one of its glorious syllables! In the light of that flashing syllable, he would appear to himself discovered, explained; and thus, once for all, would be read the riddle of the world!

This, too, prevents his intercourse with nature from becoming either tedious or melancholy. Nature, to most, is a gloomy companion. Sometimes they are tired of it—more frequently they are terrified. "What does all this mean? what would all this teach us? what would those frowning schoolmasters of mountains have us to do, or learn?" are questions which, though not presented in form, are felt in reality, and which clear, as by a whip of small cords, the desecrated temple of nature. A few, indeed, are still left standing in

the midst alone! And among those few is Emerson, who is reconciled to remain, chiefly through the hope and the desire of attaining one day more perfect knowledge of nature's silent cipher, and more entire communion with nature's secret soul. Like an enthusiastic boy clasping a Homer's Iliad, and saying, "I shall yet be able to understand this," does he seem to say. "Dear are ye to me, Monadnoc and Agiochook, dear ye Alleganies and Niagaras, because I yet hope (or at least those may hope who are to follow me) to unfix your clasps of iron—to unroll your sheets of adamant—to deliver the giant truths that are buried and struggling below you—to arrest in human speech the accents of your vague and tumultuous thunder."

As it is, his converse with creation is intimate and endearing. "Passing over a bare common, amid snow puddles, he almost fears to say how glad he is." He seems (particularly in his "Woodnotes") an inspired tree, his veins full of sap instead of blood; and you take up his volume of poems, clad as it is in green, and smell to it as to a fresh leaf. He is like the shepherd (in Johnson's fine fable) among the Carpathian rocks, who understood the language of the vultures; the sounds—how manifold—of the American forest say to his purged ear what they say to few others, and what even his language is unable fully to express.

Akin to this passionate love of nature is one main error in Emerson's system. Because nature consoles and satisfies him, he would preach it as a healing influence of universal efficacy. He would send man to the fields and woods to learn instruction and get cured of his many wounds. These are the airy academies which he recommends. But, alas! how few can act upon the recommendation! How few entertain a genuine love for nature! Man, through his unhappy wanderings, has been separated, nay, divorced, from what was originally his pure and beautiful bride—the universe. No one feels this more than Emerson, or has mourned it in language more plaintive. But why will he persist in prescribing nature as a panacea to those who, by his own showing, are incapable of apprehending its virtue? They are clamoring for bread, and he would give them rocks and ruins. We hold that between man and nature there is a gulf, which nothing but a vital change upon his character, circumstances, and habits, can fill up. Ere applying the medicine you must surely premise the mouth. Man, as a collective being, has little perception of the beauty, and none of the high spiritual meaning, of creation. And as well teach the blind religion through the avenue of the eye as teach average man truth or hope, or faith or purity, through a nature, amid which he dwells an alien and an enemy.

On no subject is there so much pretended, and on none so little real feeling, as in reference to the beauties of nature. We do not allude merely to the trash which professed authors, like even Dickens, indite, when, against the grain, it is their cue to fall into raptures with Niagara, or the

scenery of the eternal city, but to the experiences of every-day life. How often have we travelled with parties of pleasure (as they are called) whose faces, after the first burst of animal excitement, produced by fresh air and society, had subsided, it was impossible to contemplate without a mixture of ludicrous and melancholy emotions. Besides, here and there, a young gentleman, with elevated eyebrow, and conceited sidelong, spouting poetry; and a few young ladies looking intensely sentimental during the spoutation; the majority exhibited, so far as pleasure was concerned, an absolute blank—weariness, disgust, insipid disregard, or positive aversion, to all the grander features of the scenery, were the general feelings visible. Still more detestable were their occasional exclamations of forced admiration, nearly as eloquent, but not so sincere, as the enthusiasm of porkers over their provender. And how quickly did a starveling jest, or a wretched pun, jerk them down from their altitudes to a more congenial region! A *double entendre* told better than the sight of a biforked Grampian. The popping of a cork was finer music than the roar of a cataract. A silly flirtation among the hazle-bushes was far more memorable than the sudden gleam of a blue lake flashing through the umbrage like another morning. And when the day was over, and the party were returning homewards, it was dismal, amid the deepening shadows of earth and the thickening glories of the sky, to witness the jaded looks, the exhausted spirits, the emptied hearts and souls of those vain flutterers about nature, whom the mighty mother had amused herself with tiring and tormenting, instead of unbaring to them her naked loveliness, or hinting to them one of the smallest secrets of her inmost soul. Specimens these of myriads upon myriads of parties of pleasure, which fashion is yearly stranding upon the shores of nature—to them an inhospitable coast—and proofs, that man, as a species, must grow, and perhaps grow for ages, ere he be fit, even “on tiptoe standing,” to be on a level with that “house not made with hands,” of which he is now the unworthy tenant. Surely the beauties of nature are an appliance too refined for the present coarse complaints of degraded humanity, which a fiercer caustic must cure.

Emerson may be denominated emphatically the man of contrasts. At times he is, we have seen, the most commonplace, at other times the most paradoxical of thinkers. So is he at once one of the clearest and one of the most obscure of writers. He is seldom muddy; but either transparent as crystal or utterly opaque. He sprinkles sentences (as divines do Scripture quotations) upon his page, which are not only clear, but cast, like glow-worms, a far and fairy light around them. At other times he scatters a shower of paragraphs, which lie, like elf-knots, insulated and insoluble. Hence reading him has the stimulus of a walk amid the interchanging lights and shadows of the woods, or it is like a game of hide-and-seek, somewhat like the unlearned reader of Howe and Bax-

ter when he comes upon their Latin and Greek quotations. You skip or bolt his bits of mysticism, and pass on with greater gusto to the clear and the open. Whether there be degrees in biblical inspiration or not, there are degrees in *his*. Now he rays out light, and now, like a black star, he deluges us with darkness. The explanation of all this lies, we think, here—Emerson has naturally a poetic and practical, not a philosophic or subtle mind; he has subjected himself, however, to philosophic culture, with much care, but with partial success; when he speaks directly from his own mind, his utterances are vivid to very brilliance; when he speaks from recollection of his teachers, they are exceedingly perplexed and obscure.

He is certainly, apart altogether from his verse, the truest poet America has produced. He has looked immediately, and through no foreign medium, at the poetical elements which he found lying around him. He has “staid at home with the soul,” leaving others to gad abroad in search of an artificial and imperfect inspiration. He has said, “If the spirit of poetry chooses to descend upon me as I stand still, it is well; if not, I will not go a step out of my road in search of it; here, on this rugged soil of Massachusetts, I take my stand, baring my brow in the breeze of my own country, and invoking the genius of my own woods.” Nor has he invoked it in vain. Words, which are pictures—sounds, which are song—snatches of a deep woodland melody—jubilant raptures in praise of nature, reminding you afar off of those old Hebrew hymns which, paired to the timbrel or the clash of cymbals, rose like the cries of some great victory to heaven—are given to Emerson at his pleasure. His prose is not upon occasion, and elaborately dyed with poetic hues, but wears them ever about it on its way, which is a winged way, not along the earth, but through the high and liquid air. Why should a man like this write verse? Does he think that truth, like sheep, requires a bell round its neck, ere it be permitted to go abroad? Have his thoughts risen irresistibly above the reaches of prose, and voluntarily moved into harmonious numbers? Does he mean to abandon—or could he, without remorse—that wondrous prose style of his, combining the sweet simplicity of Addison with the force of Carlyle? Is he impatient to have his verses set to music, and sung in the streets or in the drawing-rooms? Let him be assured that, exquisite as many of his poems are, his other writings are a truer and richer voice, their short and mellow sentences moving to the breath of his spirit as musically as the pinecones to the breeze.

In calling him the truest poet of America, we are not forgetful of the claims of Longfellow. His “Excelsior” goes up, like one of those gods who left the earth when man fell—with such mournful dignity and lingering steps does the hero and does the poem ascend. Poor Nathaniel Rogers, of Lynn—that brave, gifted spirit, of whom America was not worthy—died singing “Excelsior” to his

children. "Hyperion," again, is a prose poem, (such as, *longo intervallo*, we hope ourselves one day to execute,) containing the history of the progress of an ardent soul, moving, "Hyperion-like, on high." It is written with infinite grace and beauty, a play of fancy which is wonderful, and in a style which—lingering, pausing, rushing, sleeping, or sounding on—can be likened to nothing save a river or a breeze. But in two points we deem Emerson superior to Longfellow—in originality, and in nationality—two points which, indeed, run into one. Longfellow is rather a German than an American. He is Jean Paul, with the madcap and the creative elements omitted. His fancy is richer than his imagination is powerful. Emerson, on the contrary, has grafted his Germanism upon a strong gnarled trunk of aboriginal power, and his mind is often intuitive into principles, as well as fermenting with golden imagery.

When we take into account this author's poetic tendencies and idealistic training, we are astonished that he should be often the most practical of moralists. And yet so it is. His refined theories frequently bend down like rainbows, and rest their bases on earth. He often seeks to translate transcendental truth into life and action. Himself may be standing still, but it is as a cannon stands still; his words are careering over the world, calling on men to be fervent in spirit, as well as diligent in business. There is something at times almost laughable in the sight of this man living "collaterally or aside"—this quiet, wrapt mystic standing with folded arms, like a second Simon Stylites, and yet preaching motion, progress—fervent motion, perpetual kindling progress to all around him. Motionless as a finger-post, he, like it, shows the way onwards to all passers-by. He is, in this respect, very unlike Wordsworth, who would protect the quiet of his fields as carefully as that of his family vault, or as the peace of his own heart; who, in love for calm, would almost prefer pacing the silent streets of a city of the plague to the most crowded thoroughfares of London, and who hates each railway as if, to use the Scripture allusion, its foundation were laid on his first-born, and its terminus were set up over the grave of his youngest child. Emerson, standing on the shore, blesses the steamers that are sweeping past, and cries, "Sweep on to your destination with your freightage of busy thoughts and throbbing purposes, and, as you pass, churn up the waters into poetry;" perched on Monadnock, he seems to point a path into the cloudland of the future for the rushing railway train, which affects him not with fear, but with hope, for he looks on the machinery of this age as a great scheme of conductors, lying spread and ready for the noble influences of a coming period. He feels that the real truth is this: railways have not desecrated Nature, but have left *man behind*, and it were well that man's spiritual should overtake his physical progress.

The great lessons of a practical kind which Emerson teaches, or tries to teach his countrymen,

are faith, hope, charity, and self-reliance. He does not need to teach them the cheap virtues of industry and attention to their own interest; certain distinctions between *meum* and *tuum*, right and wrong, even he has failed to impress upon their apprehension. But he has been unwearied in urging them to faith—in other words, to realize, above the details of life, its intrinsic worth and grandeur as a whole, as well as the presence of divine laws, controlling and animating it all; to hope in the existence of an advance as certain as the motion of the globe (a feeling this which we notice with pleasure to be *growing* in his writings;) to love, as the mother of that milder day which he expects and prophesies; and to self-reliance, as the strong girdle of a nation's, as well as of an individual's loins, without which both are "weak as is a breaking wave."

To a country like America, whose dependence upon Britain too often reminds us of an upstart hanging heavily, yet with an air of insolent carelessness, upon the arm of a superior, of what use might the latter lesson be? "Trust thyself. Cut a strong oaken staff from thine own woods, and rest sturdily, like a woodland giant, upon it. Give over stealing from and then abusing the old country. Kill and eat thine own mutton, instead of living on rotten imported *fricassées*. Aspire to originality in something else than national faults, insolences, and brutalities. Dare to be true, honest—thyself, indeed, a *new* country—and the Great Spirit, who loved thee in thy shaggy primeval mantle, will love thee still, and breathe on thee a breath of his old inspiration." Thus, substantially, in a thousand places, does Emerson preach to his native country.

In judging, whether of his faults or merits, we ought never to lose sight of what is his real position—he was, and shall soon return to be—a recluse. He has voluntarily retired from society. Like the knights of old, who left the society of their mistresses to meditate in solitary places upon their charms, he, in love to man, has left him, and muses alone upon his character and destiny. His is not the savage grumbling retreat of a black dwarf, nor the Parthian flight of a Byron, nor the forced expulsion of a Shelley, who, seeking to clasp all men to his warm bosom, was with loud outcries repelled, and ran, shrieking, into solitude—it has been a quiet, deliberate, dignified withdrawal. He has said, "If I leave you, I shall, perchance, be better able to continue to love you—and perhaps, too, better able to understand you—and perhaps, above all, better able to profit you." And so the refined philanthropist has gone away to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy, among the black-berry vines, or by the "leopard-colored rills," or up the long dim vistas of the forest glades. A healthier and happier Cowper, his retreat made, at the time, as little noise as that of the solitary of Olney. Huge, howling London knew not that one, soon to be the greatest poet of that age, and the most powerful satirist of its own vices, was leaving for the country, in the shape of a poor,

timid hypochondriac. None cried "stole away" to this wounded hare. So Boston nor New England imagined that their finest spirit had forsaken his chapel for the cathedral of the woods—and they would have laughed you to scorn had you told them so.

In this capacity of recluse he has conducted himself in a way worthy of the voice which came to him from the heart of the forest, saying, "Come hither, and I will show thee a thing." By exercise and stern study he has conquered that tendency to aimless and indolent reverie, which is so apt to assail thinking men in solitude. By the practice of bodily temperance and mental hope, he has, in a great measure, evaded the gloom of vexing thoughts and importunate cravings. His mind, has, "like a melon," expanded in the sunshine.

"The outward forms of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley, he has viewed;
And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude."

Still we cannot say that he has entirely escaped the drawbacks to which the recluse is subject. He has been living in a world of his own—he has been more conversant with principles than with facts—and more with dreams than either. His writing sometimes wants the edge and point which can be gained only by rough contact with the world; as it is, it is often rather an inarticulate murmur as of a brook, careless whether it be heard or understood, or not, than the sharp voice of a living man. He has contracted, too, some pet prejudices and crotchets, which he values beyond their proper worth. Perhaps, also, like most solitaires, he has formed and nursed an exaggerated idea of himself and his mission. In despite to the current of general opinion, he sometimes throws in rugged and crude absurdities, which have come from some other source than of the "Oversoul." And, altogether, through the mist of the sweet vision, which seems the permanent abode of his own mind, he has but imperfect glimpses of the depth and intensity of that human misery, which is but another name for human life.

There is another subject where, we humbly think, his views are still more egregiously in error. We refer to human guilt. We agree with him in thinking that there is a point of view from which this dark topic may be a theme of gratulation. But we deem him premature and presumptuous in imagining that he has already reached that high angle of vision. If Foster's discolored sight, on the one hand, gave "hell a murkier gloom," and made sin yet uglier than it is, Emerson refines it away to nothing, and really seems to regard the evil committed by man in precisely the same light as the cunning of the serpent and the ferocity of the tiger. Who has anointed his eyes with eye-salve, so that he can look complacently, and with incipient praise on his lips, upon the loathsome shapes of human depravity! What genius of the western mountains has taken him to an elevation, whence the mass of man's wickedness, communicating with hell,

and growing up toward retribution, appears but a molehill, agreeably diversifying the monotony of this world's landscape? The sun may, with his burning lips, kiss and gild pollution, and remain pure; but that human spirit ought to be supernal which can touch and toy with sin. And if, in his vision of the world, there be barely room for guilt, where is there space left or required for atonement?

It was once remarked to us of John Foster, "pity but he had been a wicked man." The meaning of which strange expression was this—pity but that, instead of standing at such an austere distance from human frailty, he had come nearer it, and in a larger measure partaken of it himself; for, in this case, his conceptions of it would have been juster, mellowed, and less terribly harsh. Without fully coinciding with this sentiment, we may parallel it by saying, pity almost but Emerson had been a worse and an unhappier man; for thus might he have felt more of the evil of depravity, from its remorse and its retribution, and been enabled to counteract that tendency, which evidently exists in his sanguine temperament, to underrate its virulence.

Like every really original mind, Emerson has been frequently subjected to and injured by comparison with others. Because he bears certain general resemblances to others, he must be their imitator or feebler alias. Because he is as tall as one or two reputed giants, he must be of their progeny! He has been called, accordingly, the American Montaigne—the American Carlyle—nay, a "Yankee pocket edition of Carlyle." Unfortunate America! It has been so long the land of mocking birds, that when an eagle of Jove at last appears, he must have imported his scream, and borrowed the wild lustre of his eye! A great original standing up in an imitative country looks so sudden and so strange, that men at first conceive him a forced and foreign production. We will, on the contrary, cling to our belief, that Emerson is himself, and no other; and has learned that piercing yet musical note to which nations are beginning to listen, directly from the fountal source of all melody. We are sure that he would rather be an owl, hooting his own hideous monotone, than the most accomplished of the imitative race of mocking birds or parrots.

We think that we can observe in many of Emerson's later essays, and in some of his poems, symptoms of deepening obscurity; the twilight of his thought seems rushing down into night. His utterances are becoming vaguer and more elaborately oracular. He is dealing in deliberate puzzles—through the breaks in the dark forest of his page you see his mind in full retreat toward some remoter Cimmerian gloom. That retreat we would arrest if we could, for we are afraid that those who will follow him thither will be few and far between. Since he has gathered a large body of *exoteric* disciples, it is his duty to seek to instruct, instead of perplexing and bewildering them.

Of Emerson's history we have little to tell. He

was one of several brothers—all men of promise and genius—who died early, and whose loss, in one of his little poems, he deplores, as the “strong star-bright companions” of his youth. He officiated for some time as a clergyman in Boston. An American gentleman, who attended his chapel, gave us lately a few particulars about his ministry. Noted for the amiability of his disposition, the strictness of his morals, and attention to his duties, he became, on these accounts, the idol of his congregation.* His preaching, however, was not generally popular, not did it deserve to be. Our informant declared, that while Dr. Channing was the most, Emerson was the least, popular minister in Boston, and confessed that he never heard him preach a first-rate sermon till his last, in which he informed his congregation that he could conscientiously preach to them no more. The immediate cause of his resignation was his adoption of some peculiar views of the Lord’s Supper. In reality, however, the pulpit was not his pride of place. Its circle not only confined his body, but restricted his soul. He preferred rather to stray to and fro along the crooked serpent of eternity! He went away to think, farm, and write (as the Hutchisons so sweetly sing) in the “old granite state.” Thence, save to lecture, he has seldom issued, till this present pilgrimage to Britain. One trial, he has himself recorded, to have shot like lightning through the haze of his mystic tabernacle, and to have pierced his soul to the quick. It was the death of a dear child of rare promise, whose threnody he has sung as none else could. It is the most touching of his strains to us, who have felt how the blotting out of one fair young face (albeit not so nearly related) is for a season the darkening of earth and of heaven.

Mr. Emerson is at present to Scotland the “coming man.” Glasgow, Dundee, Perth, and Edinburgh, are expecting his arrival with much interest. We have been watching with considerable attention his progress in England. It has not disappointed us, though it has disappointed many. We know, on the best authority, and were prepared for knowing, that he has not been generally appreciated. In some cases he has mesmerized, in others mystified, his audiences. Perhaps he has been partly himself to blame. Some of his expressions have been imprudent, and even outrageous. What, for example, did he mean by this: “Why blasphemest thou, O Seer! (Swedenborg he means.) Man on the gallows, or in the brothel, is always on his way upwards.” (There can be little doubt as to the gallows, that he is!) Such escapades as these are certain to be misunderstood by one class, and to disgust another; and we can assure Mr. Emerson that they are unworthy of his genius—that they tend to injure his object—that in Scotland they will not be endured—and that these are the things which have made, to our knowledge, some of his best and oldest friends tremble lest his visit should be productive of more evil than good.

Apart from this, he is sure of a candid and a

kindly reception in Auld Caledonia, whether he comes, we understand, in February. His works are now widely known among us. Five or six years ago we read what we believe was the second copy of his essays which had reached Scotland. Now his name is a household word. Somewhere about the year 1825 or '26, he visited Edinburgh, and preached, without any remarkable impression, in one of its chapels. Now, at the distance of twenty years, he comes—let Americans say what they please—as their truest and strongest spirit; and we blend our feeble voice with that of a large section of our intellectual community, in bidding him welcome.

From the British Quarterly Review.

1. *The Great Oyer of Poisoning: the Trial of the Earl of Somerset for the Poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury, in the Tower of London, and various matters connected therewith, from contemporary MSS.* By ANDREW AMOS, Esq. 1847.
2. *The Workes of the Most High and Mightie Prince James, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith.* Published by JAMES, Bishop of Winton, and Dean of His Majesty’s Chapel Royal. Printed by Robert Barker, anno 1616.
3. *The Progresses of James the First.* By JOHN NICHOLS.
4. *The Miscellaneous Works of Sir Thomas Overbury, in Prose and Verse, with Memoirs of his Life.* Tenth edition. London, 1751.
5. *Winwood’s Memorials.*
6. *Sir Antony Weldon’s Court and Character of King James the First.* 1650.
7. *The Almanacs of 1611–12.*

“Shine, Titan, shine,
Let thy sharp rays be hurled,
Not on this under world;
For now, ’t is none of thine—
No, no, ’t is none of thine.

“But in that sphere,
Where what thine arms enfold
Turns all to burnished gold,
Spend thy bright arrows there.

“O! this is he!
Whose new beams make our spring—
Men glad, and birds to sing
Hymns of praise, joy, and glee—
Sing, sing, O this is he!”

SUCH was one of the least extravagant of the poetic welcomes, albeit ending with the assertion, “Earth has not such a king,” proffered to “the high and mighty James, by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland,” when he took his “triumphant passage,” on the 15th of March, 1604, from the Tower, through the city, where Theosophia, in “a blue mantle seeded with stars;” Tamesis, with a crown of sea-ge and reeds; Eleutheria, in white; and Soteria, “in carnation, a color signifying cheer and life,” and a host of quaintly-dressed personages, classical, legendary, and allegorical, stood ready with speeches in choice Latin, and most euphuistical, English, all in honor of the monarch who had succeeded to the sceptre of the great Elizabeth. And

looking back on the unmatched glories of her reign, and the disgraceful rule of her successor, we feel disgust at the outrageous eulogies lavished on so worthless an object, and indignation at the shortsighted ingratitude which turned so soon from the setting splendors of "that bright occidental star," to the murky north, expecting a glorious sunrise.

We must, however, bear in mind, that the dark pages of Stuart history, on which we dwell, were a sealed book to the men of that generation—that the whole record of England in the 17th century was as yet unrolled; and too heedless of the past, and indulging in exaggerated expectations of the future, the nation, in its joyful welcome of King James, gave but another illustration of the vanity of human expectations. But if, on the day of his triumphant entry into that city which of yore had welcomed her nobler Plantagenets, some prophet hand could have lifted the veil, and shown the eager multitudes the clouds and darkness, where hope pointed to a sun-burst of glory, how deep and prolonged a wail would have mingled with their exulting pæans.

Although at the first glance it seems difficult to account for the general delight of the people at the accession of James of Scotland, on closer view we shall perceive the motives that swayed many minds. While with some, the honors and emoluments which a new reign always offers—while with others, that natural love of what is new, prevailed—with many, the accession of James was hailed as the advent of better days for religion. The high church policy which may be traced in the councils of Elizabeth, from the death of Lord Burghley, certainly went far to weaken her popularity during the last years of her reign. Now, from the king who had been brought up under the tutelage of George Buchanan, the friend of Calvin, and Beza, and Knox—the king in whose dominions alone the Genevan discipline was established—surely to him, beyond all others, might they confidently look for relief from the yoke of a rigorous conformity, and the crushing tyranny of the ecclesiastical courts. And then, too, the pupil of Buchanan, the fierce denouncer of regal, no less than priestly tyranny, could not but have imbibed principles more in unison with old English feeling than those of the haughty Tudors; and, all unconscious of the right royal manifestoes enshrined in his precious "Basilicon Doron," they prepared to view in the new monarch a maintainer of their ancient liberties.

But perhaps the chief cause of his short-lived popularity may be found in the fact that James of Scotland was the candidate for the English crown, to whom that idol of the people, the Earl of Essex, had proffered his warmest service, and for whom he suffered the severe displeasure of the queen, which eventually cost him his life. The extreme popularity of this, the last and most unfortunate favorite of Elizabeth, Essex, has scarcely been duly estimated. We were much struck when lately turning over the collection of the "Roxburgh Ballads," to find that, while in the whole there are

scarcely a score of ballads referring to political events, two are lamentations over the untimely fate of "our jewel," the "good earl of Essex." We need scarcely remark that much mystery hangs over the circumstances of his so-called treason; and it is curious to see in these ballads how earnestly this crime is disclaimed. "Count him not like to Champion," says the writer of the one entitled, "The Earl of Essex's last good-night:"—

"Those traitorous men of Babington;
Nor like the Earl of Westmoreland,
By whom a number were undone;—
He, never yet, hurt mother's son,
His quarrel still maintains the right,
For which the tears my face down run,
When I think of his last good-night."

Now we think in this there is a covert allusion to his efforts to obtain the recognition of James as the queen's successor. Westmorland and Babington's plots were expressly to place Mary on the throne; but Essex, in his "quarrel," maintained the right—the right of a Protestant prince, as well as next heir to the crown, *after* the death of its rightful possessor. In the other ballad, which laments that,

"Sweet England's pride is gone!
Welladay, welladay,—
Which makes her sigh, and moan
Evermore still!"—

after a recapitulation of his many gallant services in the Low Countries, Ireland, Spain, and Portugal, and hints of the jealousy with which he was regarded, the balladist goes on to say:—

"But all could not prevail,
Welladay, welladay,
His deedes did not avail,
More was the pity.
He was condemned to die
For treason certainly—
But God that sits on high
Knoweth all things."

And probably the thousands by whom these ballads were sung knew much more than history has handed down to us.

But however highly the anticipations of the people had been originally raised, much had been done already, in the short space of eleven months, by the perverse self-will of the monarch who arrogated to himself that most inappropriate of all titles, "the British Solomon," to disabuse their credulity. The "mock conference at Hampton Court," and the elevation of Bancroft to the archiepiscopal chair of Canterbury, had proved to the Puritan party the fallacy of their hopes; while the favors lavished on Lord Henry Howard, the betrayer of Essex, and especially upon Robert Cecil, his direst and most inveterate enemy, showed that grateful remembrance had little place in the heart of King James. It is probable, too, that this "triumphant passage" itself aided the waning popularity of the monarch; for, although on this occasion he ambled along on "a dainty white jennet," beneath a canopy borne by eight splendidly-

dressed attendants, yet his awkward figure, rendered more awkward by "his doublets stuffed stiletto proof," his tongue too large for his mouth, his eyes large, and ever rolling about, and his peculiarly ungraceful mode of riding, stooping almost as though to clutch the mane, must have rendered him, as to his personal appearance, an object of contempt to the populace, who remembered the stately self-possession and queenly dignity of the aged Elizabeth. With greater penetration than he evinced on more important subjects, James soon discovered that he had not the qualities to befit him for a popular monarch; so, after this procession, he kept himself—far more than our former kings—from appearing in public on solemn occasions; and from henceforward the outrageous compliments which Dekker and Beaumont, and especially Ben Jonson, awaited to lay at his feet, were pronounced at Whitehall, or Theobald's, instead of being chorussed with loud music at Aldgate or Temple Bar.

James, in withdrawing thus from the irreverent gaze of his subjects, did not, however, intend that he should be forgotten. On the contrary, perhaps no monarch ever took such pains to keep himself in the minds, though certainly not in the hearts, of all men. Never, from the time of the Gowrie conspiracy, to that of the journey of Prince Charles into Spain, did any reign present so many strange and mysterious episodes. To one of these—in its relation both to the king and to the peculiar superstitions of the time, the most important of all—we shall have occasion to refer; we must, however, ere passing, take a slight view of the court and court manners. Here, the state of things was not greatly dissimilar to that of his grandson at the Restoration. Just as the sober state of the protectorate was succeeded by the license and frivolity of Charles the Second's court, so the solemn magnificence, the stately and formal observances of Elizabeth's court, gave way to a license of speech and conduct, a taste for extravagance, and an endless round of dissipation, at which the learned queen and her decorous ladies in waiting, and her grave ministers of state, would have stood aghast. The chief agent in this change was the queen, a woman of weak mind and strong will; whose eager love of dissipation had been whetted by the privations to which she had been subjected in Scotland, and who seems, from her inordinate love of expense, to have really believed that "London streets were paved with gold." Unfortunately, scarcely a nobleman of Elizabeth's days remained to teach, by his example, a better way. The old courtiers of the queen had almost all grown old with their aged mistress, and had preceded, or swiftly followed, her to the tomb; while to them had succeeded the young courtiers of the king, whose character is so minutely and truthfully described in the well-known old ballad of "The Old and the Young Courtier." For the swift and general deterioration of manners which the court of James exhibited, we think we may refer to the influence of France—an influence which, from that period to the present day, has ever been productive of

mischievous to our land. During the greater part of Elizabeth's reign, our relations with France were too precarious to allow of our young nobles making any lengthened stay there, while the characters of Catherine de Medicis and of the Guises prevented their cautious fathers from desiring it. With the accession of Henry of Navarre, however, all danger seemed to have ceased; England and France joined in a steadfast league; and because popish machinations, and massacres of St. Bartholomew were no longer to be feared, even our warriest statesmen seem to have been blinded to the consequences of their sons becoming familiarized with the open profligacy of a court which still retained its bad preëminence of being the most licentious in Europe.

It was from thence that the greater freedom of speech and manners, the endless round of frivolous, though expensive amusements, and the darker crimes of plots that scrupled at no means for their attainment, of secret poisonings—most abhorrent of all to true English feeling, came.

A court presided over by a woman as vain, as extravagant, and as eagerly devoted to pleasure as Anne of Denmark, presented necessarily great attractions to the young nobility, and afforded likewise a favorable arena, in which the aspirants for royal favor could struggle into notice. Although King James evinced but little taste for the masques and revels on which Inigo Jones lavished so much expensive machinery, and Daniels, and Beaumont and Fletcher, and Ben Jonson, so much fine poetry, he was yet flattered by the compliments which invariably formed the conclusion. He was also gratified by the opportunities thus afforded of arraying himself in kingly state, and surrounding himself with a splendid *cortège*; in short, enacting, as his subservient chaplains declared, "Solomon in all his glory," to the admiring gaze of his countrymen, who pressed to behold him in numbers that bade fair to create a famine in the land. Thus the queen continued without restraint in her course of dissipation; while the people cast many a wondering gaze at a court, where the noblest ladies, even the queen herself, took part as actresses in the masques, although, to the time of the Restoration, no woman had appeared, even on the public stage, and where the nobles vied with each other in gaming and hard drinking, while, to obtain means for their extravagant expenditure, places were openly set up for sale, and bribes received almost as openly from foreign powers.

No wonder was it that the people soon began to look back with fond recollections to the memory of Elizabeth; more especially, when the king, who certainly in his policy more resembled Rehoboam than his wiser father, began to assume a power, and to advance his prerogative, far beyond whatever she had attempted. But the popular feeling must have something to cling to—some hope of better days, although as yet far distant; and this feeling found an object, this hope a stay, in the heir apparent of the crown, Prince Henry Frederick, who, although a mere boy, was already

distinguished by no ordinary gifts and attainments. The important part which this boy might eventually take in the affairs of Europe seems to have been early recognized by the continental powers, for even in the year 1606, when he had but just attained the age of twelve years, we find, in a letter of John Pory, that "the old Venetian, Lieger, presented a new Lieger, called Justinian, to the king and the prince; I say to the prince, for they delivered a letter to *him*, from the seignory, as well as to the king." During the same year, we find the French ambassador, Borderie, thus writing:—"None of his pleasures savor in the least of a child—he studies two hours in the day, and employs the rest of his time in tossing the pike, leaping, shooting with the bow, throwing the bar, or vaulting, or some other exercise of the kind, and he is never idle." The reader will bear in mind that all these athletic exercises were the favorite and time-hallowed sports of the English people. Borderie, however, goes on to say, that with great kindness to his dependents, he exhibited such zeal and energy, exerting "his whole strength to compass what he desires, that he is already feared by the Earl of Salisbury, who appears greatly apprehensive of the prince's ascendancy." Now, when we remember that this description is not the eulogy of an English courtier, anxious to gain the smiles of the future monarch, but the confidential report of a foreign ambassador, pledged by his office to give a faithful account of the state of things here; when we remember, too, that the republic of Venice, then so feared and honored, so wary too, would scarcely have risked the displeasure of the father, by complimenting his heir, unless that heir were well known to be no common character, we may well perceive that Prince Henry was destined, had he lived, to take a commanding part in swaying the destinies of Europe.

James the First never exhibited any of the domestic affections; of him it might be said, in the words of Madame Geofrin, respecting a French philosopher, that "Heaven had given him a morsel of brains, but not a bit of heart." The "morsel of brains" which fell to the British Solomon's share was indeed a modicum, but of natural affection he seems to have been utterly destitute. No wonder was it, therefore, that he soon began to view his gifted son with an hostility that in a few years deepened into hatred. But although love of wife or children could not be charged upon James the First, no king, except, perhaps, Edward the Second, ever became more the victim of favoritism. From the time of his arrival in England, to the day that he drew his last breath, one royal favorite after another swayed him at their will, and exhibited to the world the spectacle of a king ever boasting of his absolute power, but in reality the very servant of their caprices.

The first favorite was Sir Philip Herbert, afterwards Earl of Montgomery, whose claims on the king's partiality consisted of "comeliness of person," and "a knowledge of horses and dogs;"

but the star of his ascendant soon waned before the influence of a young Scottish adventurer, of whose early life, and family, scarcely anything is known. This was Robert Carr, subsequently that Earl of Somerset, whose participation in the Overbury murder led to "the Great Oyer of Poisoning." Even the latest researches cannot determine the exact time when Carr first appeared at court, nor the circumstances under which he was first introduced to the king. Perhaps the generally received story may be correct, that some time during the year 1606, while engaged as page to some Scotch gentleman at a tilting-match, when about to present the shield and device of his master to the king, he fell, and broke his leg; that James moved at his suffering, and struck with his fine person, ordered his own surgeons to attend him, visited him daily, and took him into such high favor in so short a time, that popular opinion could only believe that witchcraft must have been employed. The personal appearance of this youth was, however, his only claim on the king's favor. He was miserably deficient in education, and from his after conduct he appears to have been, if not weakminded, certainly possessed of a very moderate share of capacity, and of very little energy. It has been generally believed that James took upon himself the office of tutor to his favorite; but that he appointed a gentleman of the court to that duty is more correct; and that gentleman was "the unfortunate Sir Thomas Overbury."

Not the least strange and melancholy view which this period presents, is the awful prostitution of fine talents and splendid abilities. No other court, save that of James the First, could exhibit a Williams openly acknowledging the meanest subserviency, exulting in the most degrading servility, merely that he might obtain that favor which his acuteness, and shrewd business talents would have undoubtedly procured him at the court of Elizabeth; and no other period could have shown the sad spectacle of the wisest man of his age, Bacon, supplicating, in language absolutely revolting, for the smiles and patronage of that pedant king whom he must have loathed in his inmost heart. And thus we find the poets of that day; indeed, almost all the writers, although often dwelling on pure and lofty themes, yet ready, at the command of the king, or the wish of his profligate courtiers, to indite the grossest ribaldry, or enshrine in graceful numbers the most outrageous falsehoods. What contrasts do the more serious poems of these writers present, not excepting Donne, to the shameless eulogies on courtly patrons, to the more shameless intrigues for place, in which nearly all of them were involved! Here are "the Miscellaneous Works of Sir Thomas Overbury," the tenth edition, published more than a hundred years after his death; and here is his melancholy, intellectual face, with sad, earnest eyes, that seem to ask our pity. And what a startling contrast do his works present to his character—his character as developed by later researches: the accomplished but false-hearted courtier, who "exercised, for several years

the extraordinary vocation of imparting ideas and language to the Earl of Somerset, as to a puppet, who, by means of his secret suggestions, moved the inclinations of King James which way he would, and fascinated the beauties of the court," appears here as the exile from some pleasant country solitude, yearning after rural scenes and simple pleasures; dwelling fondly on reminiscences of country life—not idly "babbling of green fields," but sadly and longingly recalling their freshness and beauty; each minute recollection, too, of the shady lanes, the hedge-row flowers, "the scent of the new-made haycock." And how passing strange does it seem, to find the very writer of the Earl of Somerset's love-letters to that profligate girl, the Countess of Essex, finishing off with such minute and loving touches his graceful picture of "the fair and happy milkmaid," who, "though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silkworm, is decked in innocence, a far better wearing;" who "fears no manner of ill, because she means none; and is never alone, because still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers." How strange and sad it is, that a writer whose tendencies seem to have pointed so strongly towards the gentle and the pure, should have passed his days in such society, and been so deeply involved in that "mystery of iniquity"—even as yet not wholly fathomed, for the concealment of which his life was sacrificed! Forty pages of eulogistic verse, after the fashion of the day, and offered by as many admirers, lamenting "the untimely death of Sir Thomas Overbury, poisoned in the tower," prefixed to this volume, attest the sympathy and sorrow so generally felt for his hard fate; but little, indeed, did the writers imagine that the victim of the Countess of Essex was the victim of stern justice. For placing this point in a light, clear as evidence short of actual demonstration can make it, our acknowledgments are due to Mr. Amos.

The progress of the events to which we are about to direct the reader's attention, will be made clearer by our again referring to Prince Henry. While his royal father was engaged in heaping wealth and honors on the new favorite, in relieving the pressure of the laws against the Roman Catholics, and increasing their severity against the Puritans, and in making most marvellous speeches in the star-chamber on the government of the church and the planting of forest trees—not for the use of the navy, but for "our deer," and on the royal prerogative, which, in the speech in 1609, is coupled with the equally important question—a question which alone would prove to Mr. Grantley Berkeley King James' fitness for rule—the preservation of his partridges,*—while these, together

with speeches and argumentations with his admiring chaplains, on

"Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fixed fate, free-will, foreknowledge, absolute."

in which, like the original discussers of these deep questions, he

"Found no end, in wandering mazes lost,"

the son was steadily advancing in the affections of the people, and respect of foreign powers. Most singularly, the son of a catholic mother, and of a father who hated puritanism with a steadfastness which he never exhibited in better things, grew up serious, strictly moral, and with an evident leaning towards that very system which his father so detested. Ere his appearance in public life, the puritans exultingly told how Prince Henry commanded the strict observance of the Sabbath by all his household, and imposed penalties on profane swearing, and declared with eager vehemence his detestation of Spain, and catholicism. In addition to his love of athletic exercises, Henry took great interest both in engineering and shipping, and openly expressed his determination to patronize men of skill and enterprise. All this endeared him to the people in the same degree in which he became an object of increasing jealousy and dislike to his father. On Twelfth Night, 1610, Prince Henry made his first appearance as principal challenger at the Barriers, and we think the speeches recited on this occasion, and which were furnished by Ben Jonson, strongly show the jealous feeling with which the hero of the day was regarded by the court party. Throughout the whole, Prince Henry scarcely receives a compliment; his warlike tastes are alluded to almost with censure, while the king is held up, in extravagantly complimentary strains, as the sole object of imitation. The prince was now sixteen, and the time for his solemn inauguration as Prince of Wales had arrived. This ceremony was performed with great magnificence, just after the assassination of Henry of France had startled and shocked the whole nation. It has been argued, from the expense lavished on this festival, and from the great respect paid to the prince, that James was not hostile to his son, but anxious to give him due honor. We must, however, remember that James was a perfect master of dissimulation, and that refusal of the usual honors to the heir apparent—honors which had not been paid for more than a hundred years, would have irritated the spirit of a haughty youth, and of his many admirers, and probably precipitated that open rupture, which there was too much reason to fear would take place ere long. During these splendid festivals, Prince Henry was "the admired of all beholders;" his skilful management of the lance and sword, his noble bearing, his admirable horsemanship—all fixed the attention of the higher classes upon him; and when, just after, to do honor to that able shipwright, Paines Peter, on whom he had already bestowed his patronage, he rode across Blackheath, in the midst of a severe storm of wind and rain, to Woolwich, and although

*This speech in 1609, which the reader will find in the works of the high and mighty king James, is quite a model of its kind, and in the earnestness with which he pleads the cause of his partridges, is quite pathetic. "Ye know my delight in hawking and hunting, and many of yourselves are of the same mind. I know no remedy for preserving the game that breeds in my grounds, except I cast a roofe over all my ground, or else put veruels to the partridge feet with my arms upon them as my hawks have, otherwise I know not how they shall be known to be the king's."

the day was so tempestuous, going on board the vessel which he was to name at her launching, his hardy spirit, his fearlessness, gave him equal attractions in the eyes of the commons. There is something very characteristic in the minute account Phineas Pette gives of this proud day to him. How his highness, when the huge hull had floated into the middle of the channel, took the standing cup, filled with choice wine, drank to the success of the good ship, and then, dashing the remainder at the head, named her "The Prince Royal." And how "his highness went down to the platform of the cook-room, where the ship's beer stood, and there finding an old can without a lid, went and drew it full of beer himself, and drank it off to the health of the lord admiral, and caused him, with the rest of his attendants, to do the like." When had the high and mighty James ever displayed the like *bonhomie*—when had ever his pampered minion Carr shown such hearty feeling!

That between two youths, placed as Prince Henry and Carr were, feelings of the bitterest hostility should spring up, was inevitable. The fondness which might have been gracefully bestowed on a son, James chose to lavish on his young favorite; and that young favorite well knew that the very qualities which had fascinated the father, had excited the contempt of that son. It is true, that Carr, by himself, as he eventually found, was almost powerless for good, or for evil; but, aided by his tutor Overbury, to whose political talents Bacon bears testimony, the king's favorite was scarcely to be despised even by the heir apparent. There were others, too, in the council hostile to Prince Henry. The Earl of Salisbury, whom he always disliked, was prime minister; and since the death of Lord Dorset, and the elevation of Salisbury to the office of lord treasurer, the Earl of Northampton, a statesman grown grey in plots and intrigues—one who, with true Machiavellian policy, scrupled at no measures, had become lord privy seal. With him was associated his nephew, the Earl of Suffolk—a nobleman more than suspected of having received bribes from Spain, and it was his beautiful, but most profligate and depraved, eldest daughter, who had been married, when a mere child, to the young Earl of Essex, but who was now, with scarcely an attempt at disguise, the paramour of Robert Carr. The story that Prince Henry was in this case a rival of the favorite, seems utterly apocryphal. The prince, who so vehemently and constantly protested against "a popish match," would scarcely have looked with much favor on a family of known popish principles; nor can we believe that a youth, always characterized by the strictest attention to moral and religious duties, would, of all the beauties of his father's court, have selected one, not only of most questionable conduct, but actually a married woman. But the close and familiar intercourse of Carr with that branch of the Howard family, in consequence of this intrigue, must have irritated Prince Henry greatly. The political skill, of which the favorite was utterly destitute, could now be aided by the

threescore years' experience of that varietal and most unscrupulous of statesmen, Lord Northampton, who now joined with Overbury in the task of ruling him, who ruled their royal master.

We have gone over the foregoing particulars more minutely, because we think these political relations have been too much overlooked by writers who have taken up this portion of our history; and thus a contest in which, on the part of the favorite and his associates, all was to be gained, or all lost, has been viewed as a mere squabble of two self-willed boys. The character of the agents, too, has not been sufficiently estimated. "The unfortunate Sir Thomas Overbury," the writer of graceful prose and verse, who, according to the received version, was committed to the tower by the intrigues of a revengeful girl, and there poisoned, was not the amiable, conscientious friend of Carr, who, shocked at his attachment to Lady Essex, endeavored to show him his guilt. Overbury was the main agent in the intrigue—writing in his pupil's name, and with all the skill and grace which he so well knew how to practise, the very letters that urged his suit. It is very probable that Overbury was bribed to this by Northampton, whom Weldon represents as having incited his niece to seduce Carr by her blandishments; and that during this time Overbury was most sedulously courted both by Northampton and Suffolk, we have the testimony of their letters.

The character of Prince Henry, too, especially in connection with continental politics, has, we think, been strangely overlooked. That he was a warlike, energetic, haughty spirit, we have already seen, and that his principles, too, verged closely on puritanism. Now, if we glance at the state of Europe in 1610, we shall perceive that a prince thus qualified could not but be an object of intense interest both to Catholic and Protestant. On the continent, Spain was still the ruling power; but the Dutch had just achieved their independence, and had concluded a truce for twelve years. In Germany, the feeble sway of Rudolph had encouraged the formation of the Evangelic Union, on the one hand, and of the Catholic League on the other, and preparations were openly making for a warfare, which, upon the death of the emperor—an event obviously not far distant—would rage with unexampled bitterness. In the formation of the Evangelic Union, the hopes of the Protestants had been fixed on Henry of France—but the dagger of Ravalliac had arrested those hopes, and that important kingdom was now under the feeble sway of a child but nine years old. Thus it was to England alone that the continental Protestants could look—even as fifty years before they had looked, and were not disappointed. And strangely providential must it have appeared to a marvelling age, that the heir of England's crown, whose mother was an avowed Catholic, whose father always leant towards Spain, and whose wavering counsels were in direct opposition to those of the great Elizabeth—that this prince should, from his earliest years, have so heartily taken up the cause

of Protestantism, should have already declared it his first and most cherished wish to fling down the gauntlet to hated Spain, and stand forth the champion of the reformed faith. And then his very name. Henry of Navarre, ere he had ascended the throne of France, how bravely had he fought the battles of Protestantism, and how had his life but as now, been sacrificed to Jesuit revenge! But here was another Henry, the future King of England, entering on the stage of public life, just as the other had been snatched away—endowed with every gift that should fit him for his high calling—surely *he* was to be their chosen leader—surely all combined to set a seal upon *him* for this very work!

In tracing the events of the two following years, we shall find Prince Henry gradually but firmly extending his influence. As the head of an immense household, we find him ordering and arranging its affairs, to use the words of Sir Charles Cornwallis, "more like a grave, wise, ancient, than a young prince;" and we also find him sternly opposing the proposals of his father for his marriage. The unexpected succession of Abbot to the chair of Canterbury, although it seems to have been entirely owing to the caprice of James, gratified the young prince, as we know, highly; but in the spring of 1611, he must have experienced much vexation at his father's creating his worthless favorite, Viscount Rochester. Another act of the king's, more fatal, we believe, to Prince Henry than aught beside, also took place this year, although probably scarcely noticed at the time;—this was the invitation of Theodore Mayerne, a physician of great celebrity in the French capital, to England, to become the king's first physician. We are not acquainted with the circumstances accompanying the invitation; could these be ascertained, we should probably obtain an important clue to the mysterious events that followed.

In May, 1612, the Earl of Salisbury died, just while negotiations were going on for the marriage of the king's children; and the Earl of Suffolk was advanced to the office of lord treasurer, while Viscount Rochester took the vacated place of lord chamberlain. To this he is said to have attempted to annex the post of secretary of state, but that from incompetence he was compelled to desist. We think it more probable that the influence of Prince Henry prevailed: for James was at this time on better terms with his son than usual, and Sir Ralph Winwood and Sir Thomas Lake became joint secretaries. Meanwhile, the negotiations for Prince Henry's marriage with a French princess, to which he was very averse, and that for his sister with the young Elector Palatine, which he eagerly anticipated, proceeded. During the summer, he went on a progress with the king, and in autumn returned to London, where he welcomed the elector as a brother, and again openly expressed the joy he should feel in taking part in the coming struggle—indeed, according to a letter of Sir Robert Naunton's to Winwood, "that he had a design to have gone over with the Palsgrave, and

have drawn Count Maurice along with him, and have done some exploit." But this was not to be. On the 15th of October he was first seized with illness, after dining at the king's table. He returned to his residence, at St. James', his illness not being considered dangerous until the 25th, when Dr. Mayerne was sent by the king to attend him, in addition to his own physician, Dr. Hammond. Dr. Aikin, as quoted by his daughter, in her excellent "Memoirs of the Court of James the First," declares the disease to have been putrid fever; and refers to Mayerne's opinion that there was no reason to believe that any poison had been administered. The value of Mayerne's opinion on this subject will be subsequently tested; it seems, however, an extraordinary piece of caution, that although he was secured by express certificate from the king, he should have torn out of his table-book every prescription relating to the illness of the heir-apparent, while, as Mr. Amos remarks, he carefully preserved one "for the queen's black horse."

On the 6th of November, Prince Henry died, having not quite completed his nineteenth year; and seldom has popular grief been deeper or more sincere than that which mourned the untimely fate of one who bade fair to emulate the prowess of our noblest Plantagenets, but in a far worthier cause. The exultation of the court party was scarcely restrained within the bounds of common decency; and widely did the opinion prevail that Prince Henry, like his namesake of France, had fallen a sacrifice to papist intrigues, carried on by those who had the chief management of public affairs. The conduct of the king, which, during his son's illness, had been marked with great insensibility, was, immediately upon his death, rather singular. He received this news, without any expression of sorrow, at Theobalds, to which, although it was winter, he had retired, when informed of his son's hopeless state; but within a few days we find him at Kensington, and soon after he left there, on the strange excuse, as recorded in a letter of one of his attendants, in Nichol's "Progresses," "that the wind came through the walls, and he could not lie warm in bed." So he next came to Whitehall. Here his stay was very short, and he returned again to Theobalds, from whence he went to Royston, some time before the funeral, which was performed with great magnificence, on the 7th of December. Now, had James been an affectionate father, the restlessness of violent grief would have supplied a reason for this ceaseless removing from place to place; but King James was not. Did his conscience accuse him, and suffer him not to rest?

No sign of sorrow was to be seen at the Christmas festivities. Mourning was expressly forbidden, although the prince had not been three weeks in his grave; and although Jonson does not appear to have been called upon to provide a masque for the occasion, still the splendid preparations which were being made for the marriage of Princess Elizabeth to the Palsgrave might have been the

cause. This marriage took place in February, and the royal entertainments lasted until an empty exchequer compelled their discontinuance. Within a few weeks after the departure of the young couple, Sir Thomas Overbury, who, as the "oracle of direction," to use Bacon's emphatic words, of the all-powerful favorite, was a person of no mean importance, was committed to the tower. Arbitrary imprisonment was one of the most cherished prerogatives of the Stuarts. When, therefore, it was reported that refusal to go on an embassy was the cause, little inquiry seems to have been made. Overbury's letters, addressed to his late pupil, however, make no mention of this, but refer his imprisonment to the machinations of "your woman," of whom he writes in the most insulting terms. But Overbury himself must have well known, that however hated he might be by that vindictive girl, whom he had thwarted in her design of a divorce, *she* could have no power to appoint his jailer, although he was one of her iniquitous associates; still less to remove the former lieutenant of the tower, and place Sir Gervase Helwysse in his stead. That Overbury knew he was in possession of important secrets is evident in his letters. "Is this the fruit of my care and love to you? Be these the fruits of *common secrets* and *common dangers*? Drive me not to extremities, lest I should say something that you and I both repent." Such is his threat in the first letter. The favorite, even at this time, seems to have been rather careless than hostile, and with this he bitterly upbraids him. In his other letter, he declares that he has written the whole story of his wrongs—"what hazard I have run, *what secrets have passed between us*;" and this he states, "On Friday, I sent to a friend of mine, under *eight seals*, and if you persist to use me thus, assure yourself it shall be published." There are no dates to these letters, neither can we ascertain what answers were received. According to one statement, Rochester sent word that if Overbury would feign illness, he would endeavor, on that plea, to obtain his enlargement. However that might be, wine and pastry were sent to him by the Countess of Essex, but in her paramour's name, and that these were poisoned there is little doubt. The unhappy prisoner languished for several months in great pain and weakness, and at length, on the 15th of September, died. Overbury's death seems to have excited little attention. His brother, and brother-in-law, who were in London endeavoring to procure his release, appear to have had no suspicion, and full two years passed away ere "truth was brought to light by time."

The disgraceful proceedings in the Countess of Essex's divorce quickly succeeded. Obedient to the royal mandate, grave divines took the part of the profligate girl, who, although not nineteen, was already so old in wickedness; and King James signalized the Christmas of 1613-14 by raising his favorite to the dignity of Earl of Somerset, and giving away the bride with his own royal hand. All this, history has recorded, but it is not gen-

erally known that Bacon, with that melancholy servility which marked his public conduct, expended two thousand pounds on a splendid entertainment, presented by the gentlemen of Lincoln's-inn, and entitled, "The Masque of Flowers." These are the concluding lines:—

"Receive our flowers with gracious hand,
As a small wreath to your garland,
Flowers of honor, flowers of beauty,
Are your own, we only bring
Flowers of affection, flowers of duty."

Affection and duty to the Earl and Countess of Somerset, and offered at the command of Bacon!

Somerset had now reached the culminating point of his greatness; but destitute of the "promptings" of Overbury, and soon after by the death of Lord Northampton deprived of his wise and wary guidance, he ere long sunk in favor both with the king and those around him. On his progress in the summer of the following year, James met at Apthorpe that new and more fortunate favorite, George Villiers, and from thenceforward Somerset seems to have foreseen his fall. The circumstance of his demanding of the king a pardon under the great seal for past offences, seems to corroborate the view that there was some secret which James was anxious, at all hazards, to keep.

Two years passed, and then a rumor spread that an apothecary's boy, at Flushing, had confessed having given a poisoned medicine to Sir Thomas Overbury, of which he died. The story became ere long so general, that Coke, the lord chief justice, was directed to make inquiries; and four persons, Helwysse, lieutenant of the tower, Weston, the gaoler, Franklin, an apothecary, and Mrs. Turner, a physician's widow, were taken up; and soon after the earl and countess of Somerset were consigned to strict custody. There is scarcely need to enter on the particulars of the trial of the four subordinate agents, except to remark that Mr. Amos, in his valuable work, has proved how little dependence can be placed on the reports in the state trials, since, by a careful examination of the original documents in the state paper office, he has shown, that not only are the confessions and examinations garbled, but that there are many important examinations which are not even referred to in the printed account, and that these prove the existence of a *double plot* to destroy Overbury.

We have already remarked on the great unlikelihood that the Countess of Essex could have had any influence in appointing so important an officer as the lieutenant of the tower. We now find that Lord Northampton was chief agent in appointing him, and that there was continued communication between them. In a letter of Northampton's, addressed to the favorite, he states, "I yesterday spent *two hours* in prompting the lieutenant, with as great caution as I could, and *find him to be very perfect in his part*." Would an aged and wily statesman have spent two hours merely to aid his great-niece in a clumsy attempt to poison a man whom she indeed hated, but who had been the depository of the most important state secrets?

In the fourth letter, he says, "The caution and discretion of the lieutenant hath undertaken Overbury—either Overbury shall recover, and do good offices between Lord Suffolk and you, *or else that he shall not recover at all*, which he thinks the most sure and happy change for all." But how was it that the prisoner was not to recover? The countess and her wretched assistant, Mrs. Turner, had already mixed rose-acre in tarts, and strewed mercury sublimate over them, but their victim yet lived; here, then, the confession of the apothecary's boy comes in, and the statement of one Edward Rider, who asserts that he spoke to one Lobell, a French apothecary, who acknowledged with great agitation that his son had sent an apprentice into France. But in the report in the state trial, no mention is made of any medical man being called in. In the suppressed examinations, we, however, find Paul de Lobell, the son of the before-mentioned, stating that he attended Sir Thomas Overbury in the tower, "but never ministered any physic to him, but *by the advice of Monsieur Mayerne, for which he had his hand*," and he further states, he gave "into the hands of the chief justice twenty-eight leaves or pieces of paper," which contained the prescriptions, while, as though more fully to connect the guilty knowledge of the king with this murder, we have also a short note from Somerset, directing the lieutenant of the tower to allow "the king's physician" to visit the prisoner! On the death of Overbury, an inquest was held, although not a word of this appears in the state trials, and when we read the three notes addressed by Lord Northampton in the course of the morning, respecting this event, we perceive that it was looked forward to with much anxiety. Two of these letters, the first "entreating" that Lidcott and three or four friends "may see the body," and the other assuring "worthy Mr. Lieutenant" that Lord Rochester "desired all honor to be done to his deceased friend," are to be found in Windwood's "Memorials;" but the most important letter, evidently first of the series, has remained until now in the state paper office. This is it—

Noble Lieutenant—If the knave's body be foul, bury it presently: I'll stand between you and harm; but if it will abide the view, *send for Lidcote*, and let him see it, to satisfy the damned crew. When you come to me, bring me this letter again yourself with you, or else burn it.

NORTHAMPTON.

The inquest was accordingly held before "Robert Bright, Gent.," and a jury consisting of six wardens, and six others; and Lidcott, Overbury's brother-in-law, was compelled to allow that the forms of law had been observed. Now wherefore should an inquest have been held, save to exonerate the medical attendants? and wherefore should so wary a statesman as Northampton have committed himself by so infamous a letter as the one just quoted, save that "reasons of state" peremptorily required the utmost secrecy? Northampton evidently hoped that the poison had done its work

in the usual manner—turning the body to a mass of corruption; but a more skilful poisoner had completed the work of the two wretched women, and thus the excuse that the corpse was not fit to be seen could not avail. Of the evidence at this inquest we have no notes; doubtless a hasty survey and a hasty verdict were sufficient. But is it not most mysterious, that upon the trials of the four subordinate agents of the plot—as we may call it for distinction, of the Countess of Essex—not a word was said about an inquest, not a word that an apothecary—that even the king's favorite physician had been called in! Nor was "Robert Bright, Gent.," forthcoming, nor Paul de Lobell, nor, stranger than all, Dr. Mayerne. Would a physician, considered one of the most skilful of his day, and well known, too, as remarkably conversant with chemistry, have quietly kept out of the way, when the king and his council well knew that he had visited Overbury, unless he was conscious of deeds that would not bear the light? And would not the king, too, had it been his honest wish to have sifted this atrocious murder thoroughly, have compelled Mayerne to come forward, were it only for the important light he could throw, from his chemical knowledge, upon a trial named emphatically "the Great Oyer of Poisoning."

The trials of the four wretched accessories were hurried over, and their deaths swiftly followed. From the haste, there seems great reason to believe that James feared further disclosures. That hints of such were made, the *original* depositions, now first published, amply prove. "The king used an outlandish physician, and an outlandish apothecary, about him, and about the late prince deceased!" is one of the questions put to Franklin. "Therein lieth a long tale," is his answer. "I think, next to the gunpowder treason, there never was such a plot as this is." "I can make one discovery that should deserve my life," is another answer. In a letter addressed by Helwysse, the lieutenant to the king, at the beginning of the inquiry, he expressly refers to Mayerne being in attendance, and also the apothecary, "at the physician's appointment;" and the apothecary's boy also; "but who gave the bribe, who corrupted the servant, who told Weston these things, or what is become of the servant, I can give your majesty no account."

The acute mind of Coke seems early to have perceived that the murder of Overbury was but one link of, perhaps, a series of crimes. That it had especial connection with the death of Prince Henry, he is stated to have openly hinted, and we here find that, although in the thickest of these almost daily examinations, he found time to make inquiry respecting it. Mr. Amos has given two depositions, not of much importance in themselves, but valuable, as showing that the first lawyer of his age, with many sources of information denied to us, held the opinion that Prince Henry had been poisoned. We may here remark that the statement of Mayerne on the case of the prince is absolutely worthless, if *he* were the poisoner; and that the minute account of the appearance of the body is but

little to be depended upon, since, in cases of poisoning by arsenic—and many of the symptoms strongly resembled this—its presence could not be detected, save by chemical tests, which we know were not applied, and which, indeed, were most probably not known at this period.

When the higher criminals were brought to the bar, the same mystery which had marked the proceedings all along was even more evident. James was in anxious correspondence with Coke and Bacon, and as Mr. Amos remarks in respect to the latter, both the king and his attorney-general never seem to have troubled themselves with the guilt or innocence of the prisoners, but seem solely anxious to get up a scene. That, on Sir Thomas Mounson's trial, was indeed one; and we think there is little doubt that fear lest he "should play his master's prize," was the reason that his trial was not proceeded with, but that he was remanded to the tower. The various documents in this volume of Mr. Amos go far to confirm the statements of a writer generally considered as very apocryphal, Sir Antony Weldon. The subsequent details of the trial of the two principals, the earl and the countess, also corroborate the same writer's account. We here find James anxiously urging Coke to "deal with Somerset to make submission to the king." Now what had submission to the king to do in a case of murder? Somerset, however, assumed the guise of an innocent man, and "requested to know what evidence or proof could be given against him!" and James, instead of ordering him at once to be placed on his trial, postpones it actually from month to month, and still sends messages urging his submission! That the public mind was intently fixed on these proceedings, we find many proofs; and that the death of Prince Henry was present to their thoughts, much to the displeasure of the court. We also find, in a contemporary letter, a statement, that "one, Mrs. Brittain, is committed to the king's bench, for some speeches used of Prince Henry's poisoning, which she denies." It was the connection of the Overbury murder with this that gave such commanding interest to the trial of the Earl and Countess of Somerset, and kept the people in a state of violent excitement, until they were at length found guilty. But what would the people have said, although the old English spirit yet slumbered, had they known of Somerset's boldly refusing to go to his trial, and the king writing those three anxious letters, and the lieutenant setting off to Greenwich at midnight, to communicate confidentially with the king, and then his agitation all the next day, until the verdict was returned; surely they would have detected the dark secret that made James quail before his prisoner in the tower, and eventually grant him a pardon, liberation from prison, and four thousand pounds a year! Strange as is every part of this wretched couple's history, not the least singular is, that their only child, Anne, became the wife of the first duke of Bedford, and mother of the celebrated Lord Russell.

There is much in the episode we have just con-

templated characteristic of the period. While it forcibly illustrates the debased state of court morals, it also brings before us most vividly the eager thirst for forbidden knowledge which then prevailed. Witches, astrologers, figure-casters, flourished during the reign of James the First, as they never did at any other period; and singular is it, that a monarch who signalized the year of his accession by a new and more stringent act respecting witchcraft, as well as by the republication of his delectable "*Demonologie*," should have been constantly surrounded by associates who openly patronized those wretches who pretended to supernatural knowledge. When, at the trial of the Countess of Somerset, "a black scarf full of white crosses, a piece of human skin, and a roll of devils' names," were produced, however the common people might shudder, there were few court ladies there but well knew they had dealt in similar charms. The details how Mrs. Turner, a physician's widow, and Franklin, an apothecary, possessed of private property, openly professed correspondence with the powers of darkness, are appalling; and how a young girl, an earl's daughter, could go from place to place, seeking charms and spells, calling one of the most abandoned of his class, Dr. Simon Forman, "dear father," and eagerly supplicating his aid, gives an awful picture of the character of the female aristocracy. The visits to the cunning fortune-teller, the composer of "draughts to procure favor," were suitable preliminaries to visits to the more cautious practitioner, who dealt in "rose-acre, mercury sublimate, and white arsenic." And how recklessly, how wantonly, as without one thought of its appalling wickedness, did these women go about their deadly purpose: Mrs. Turner desiring Franklin to buy "some of the strongest poisons he could get," and giving him four angels for the purpose. And these poisons tried by the young and beautiful countess on a poor dumb creature, to whom, with her own white hand she administered arsenic and other poisons, previously to mixing them in pastry to be sent to a helpless prisoner! "My son lived with a haberdasher near Temple Bar," says Weston, "and he brought the countess, feather fans, and such like and I saw in his possession a little bottle full of greenish or yellowish water, which he said was poison." Feather fans and poison! the young countess and the apprentice boy, partners in such deadly crime! In reading these details, we feel almost as though we could believe that the great author of evil actually put forth a greater and more direct power than in the present day; and that these wretched creatures believed this to their death is certain. Franklin confessed he had an evil spirit at his command; and similar confessions are abundant. Now, allowing this to be an hallucination, we must yet perceive that none but minds familiar with awful wickedness could adopt and maintain such a fancy. Still, that among the numbers, especially in the country, who were hanged for witchcraft during this reign, many were under delusion, brought on by sickness or poverty,

perhaps both, cannot be doubted. In the Roxburgh collection, there is a curious old ballad respecting a poor man in Essex, who, being in great want, and his children starving, goes to a neighboring wood to gather acorns. Here he meets a tall handsome man "in black," who pities him, and gives him a large purse filled with gold. He joyfully hastens home, but drawing it from his bosom, finds only a bundle of dead oak leaves. He rushes distractedly away, goes to the wood, and meets "the gentleman" again, who now scoffs at him, and bids him hang himself. The poor man has just power to offer a short prayer, and to fly, and he returns home quite distracted. Here a good neighbor comes in, provides the family with food, and the ballad ends by telling us that the poor man, after a severe illness, recovered. Now what was this, although told as a veritable story of Satan—the meeting the gentleman in the wood, and receiving the gold, but a waking dream, induced by strong agitation of mind, in which the oak-leaves had been picked up by himself, under the delusion that they were gold coin? This incident of gold being changed into dead leaves is of frequent occurrence in tales of witchcraft, and the reader may probably have met with it, pointing the moral of some fairy tales.

The reign of James was abundant in schemes for the discovery of gold and of hidden treasure by charms; and the general prevalence of such belief may be imagined, when we find that David Ramsay, known to our readers as the king's watchmaker, in the "Fortunes of Nigel," having been told that a large quantity of treasure was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, begged permission of Williams, then dean, to search for it. Williams, with the proviso that the church should have a share, gave his consent. Now, David Ramsay did not go to work in a common manner, but, under the direction of a cunning man, named John Scott, he, with "several others," entered the cloisters with hazel rods, and "played them." On the west side, the rods "turned the one over the other;" so, thinking that the treasure was there, they began to dig, but found only a coffin. Again and again they tried, but were disappointed, until David and his company, with "the half quartern sack, to put the treasure in," were compelled to return no richer than they came. As John Scott had prophesied success, a sufficient excuse must be found, so, as a very "blustering wind" arose before they had finished, the demons, who were unwilling the treasure should be discovered, determined their search should be in vain. These cunning men, who used the hazel rod, and crystal, were most indignant at being confounded with wizards, and "such slaves of the devil;" for they pretended to acquaintance with angels. Such was old Mr. William Hodges, under whom the aforesaid John Scott studied. John Scott at length took his leave of his master, "being to return to London," to get married. Probably anxious to test the skill of old Mr. William Hodges, he requested him to show him his lady in the

crystal. Hodges complied, and bade him say what he saw. "A ruddy-complexioned wench, in a red waistcoat, drawing a can of beer," is the reply. "She must be your wife," said the owner of the crystal. "Never," replied Scott; "I am to marry a tall gentlewoman in the Old Bailey." "You must marry the red waistcoat," was the oracular decision. Away went Scott, fully determined to take his own way; but when he arrived at the Old Bailey, he found the tall gentlewoman already married. Two years passed; and then on a journey, going into an inn at Canterbury, John Scott went by mistake into the kitchen instead of the sitting-room, and behold, there was a maiden in a red waistcoat drawing a can of beer! The stars had certainly led him thither—and who in the seventeenth century could resist their influence? So John Scott "became a suitor" to red waistcoat, married her, and lived very happy ever after, as the old stories say. In this case, the prediction undoubtedly wrought its own fulfilment, and this was often the case when so much faith was joined to so much credulity. The belief in the power of the crystal to foreshadow future events, was held, however, by many a grave divine at this period. The bold and ambitious mother of James' last favorite was believed, when a mere humble dependent in a noble family, to have seen herself in this magic mirror, blazing with gold and gems, just as she appeared at Whitehall, when courted by the proudest nobles, and complimented by the king himself.

How singularly connected with dark marvels and mystery is every event of this reign; and how much more like a well-constructed fiction than a story of real life—more especially with the supernatural accessories which contemporary superstition threw around it—does the tale of George Villiers appear! The son of the obscure Leicestershire knight, scarcely heeded, as in childhood he played on the green slopes of Brooksby, but object of intense interest to his mother, who, while she rejoiced in the horoscope that promised wealth and favor of princes to her new-born child, shuddered also at the ominous distich, muttered by some old crone, as the red and gusty morning heralded his birth—

"Red dawning, stormy sky,
Bloody death shalt thou die."

Sent over to France, but returning still unknown and unpatronized; and then introduced to the king himself, just when his wayward fancy was seeking a new favorite, just when Archbishop Abbot and the queen, those antagonist characters, and representatives of principles as antagonistic, compelled by a common danger, joined in a hollow reconciliation, and agreed in recommending the handsome young page to the king's notice; and then his rapid rise, his unexampled influence, his power over all men; insulting Abbot, by whose aid he had been raised; driving the sage and prudent Lord Keeper Williams about like a mere spaniel; passing contemptuously by that wisest, and, alas! meanest of men.

as he sat "in an outer room, where trencher-scrapers and lacqueys attended, on an old wooden box, with the purse and great seal beside him," vainly endeavoring to move that upstart boy's pity!—becoming lord paramount of the king, and filling the palaces with his relations and dependents, and a miscellaneous herd of serving men, waiting gentlemen, and a whole tribe of nurses and children; so that the king, who, as Welden remarks, never noticed his own children, was now surrounded by nurses and babies, while "little children did run up and down the king's lodgings, like little rabbit-starters about their warrens." No wonder that the people looked with blank amazement on this change, and firmly believed that the beauty which had gained the favorite the name of Steenie—because, as the doting king declared, and James, in the midst of all his iniquities, was never at a loss for a text, "his face was as the face of an angel"—was a gift from the author of all evil. Indeed, the strange partiality of James, not only to the favorite, but to all his family, and especially to the mother, an avowed papist, and a scarcely less openly avowed patroness of the wretched crew who pretended to supernatural knowledge, was astounding.

And that Buckingham was guarded by charm and spell, and aided by influences not of this world, seems to have been the view which his bold, bad, but gifted mother was actually desirous to impress on the popular mind. We think there can be little doubt that it was to her directions that he owed his first rise, and to her constant superintendence, his continued advancement; but there seems little doubt, also, that she actually believed in the power of spell and talisman to secure it; and hence her ceaseless applications to astrologers and figure-casters, and her anxiety to avail herself of every agency which should more firmly secure his triumphant good-fortune. It was this that deepened the popular hatred more than all the rapacious exactions, the crushing monopolies, of the favorite and his grasping relations. Aldermen complained that wretched women, sent to beat hemp in Bridewell, were set free by command of "my lord's mother;" and even the court intelligencers, ere they hunted out a Jesuit or suspected foreigner, were obliged to "work warily," lest they should lay hands on one of the Countess of Buckingham's "wizards." And strange were the tales told of the vain appliances sought with so much cost to secure the hated favorite. "Loadstones to draw favor," faultless agates to secure it; talismans of "angel gold," inscribed with holy texts, to ward off danger; and curiously graven jaspers, to guard against deadly violence; for, victim of her deep superstition, that rhyme which prophesied "bloody death" was ever present to the anxious mother. But years passed; the heir to the crown bowed to the spell of the all-commanding Buckingham, even as his father. And the old king died, and Charles succeeded; a dukedom graced the royal favorite, but still dark whispers told how his mother, more importunately still, sought after

forbidden aid. At length, one of the wretches patronized both by mother and son, Dr. Lamb, "the duke's conjuror," was pursued by a furious mob into the Windmill Tavern, in the Old Jewry, and there "done to death." And then arose the second rhyme, carolled exultingly by the common people, heedless of stocks or whipping-post:—

"Let Charles and George do what they can,
The duke shall die like Doctor Lamb."

Little heeded the duke such threats; he had defied impeachment of the commons, and the hatred of the whole land; but two months only passed, and then "the white-handled knife" of John Felton avenged the nation, and awfully fulfilled the prophecy—

"Bloody death shalt thou die."

Can we wonder at the intense and unquestioning faith in supernatural premonitions that then prevailed, when we find even the course of events thus singularly encouraging that belief.

The period was fertile, too, in "signs from heaven." A comet heralded that severe visitation of the plague in London, of which George Withers has left us so curious, though so unpoetical, a description. A comet also appeared at the breaking out of the Palatine war; an eclipse of the sun took place in the May preceeding Prince Henry's death; and that most rare appearance, a beautiful, well-defined lunar rainbow stretched across the palace of St. James when he there lay dying. With ominous eagerness was this sign pointed to by Dr. Mayerne, as an unquestionable proof that he *could* not recover. It is not surprising that almanacs at this period were in general use. Indeed, if the age of Elizabeth was the age of pamphlets, that of James the First may be called that of almanacs. We turned over, a short time since, a collection of these—above a score—for the year 1612; and truly no stronger proof of the "vanity of such devices" could be given than the various and conflicting opinions of their authors, as to coming events. The great eclipse of the 22nd of May is duly noted; but while one learned doctor determines that "by it we may foresee great robberies by the highways and burglaries," because "Mercury is in the ascendant," another declares that while its effects will not take place until "between the 12th of October and the 12th of January," the result will be, "jangling controversies between clergymen and lawyers." When the unexpected death of Prince Henry took place, doubtless men wondered that it had not been, if not foretold, at least darkly alluded to, especially with the marked prognostic of an eclipse of the sun! But the wily almanac-makers doubtless looked wise, and talked of constructive treason, and pointed significantly to the Star Chamber. It is in consequence, probably, of this fear of being supposed to meddle with "affairs of state," that these almanacs deal in no dark hints how "a certain personage, high in office, gets, about this time, into trouble;" or how "things look black in a certain quarter, and let those about court

beware." In the following reign, amid the strife of opinion and arms, almanac-makers were more out-spoken; and roundhead and cavalier, episcopalian and presbyterian, even the fifth monarchyman, thanks to Lilly, Booker, and Partridge, might each have an almanac just to his mind.

The almanacs of James the First's reign, however, abound with general warnings. There is in most of them a long list of "things to be done in the increase of the moon," and what is to be done in the wane. They also quite emulate Murphy in their exact prognostics of the weather; not hesitatingly, like Francis Moore, with his "rain more or less about this time;" but boldly, as though there were an actual "clerk of the weather," and his most efficient services had been procured—declaring that the 21st shall be rainy, and the 26th quite fair;—with a due intermixture of days neither cold nor hot, and some with "a smart shower" to finish with. But it was to the list of "lucky and unlucky days" that our forefathers turned with the greatest interest. Some of the directions for conduct on these days, in "Bretnors' almanac," are very curious. Thus, on the 3rd and 12th of January, the word is, "Presse for prefermente;" while for the 6th, it is "Please the old one." On February 20th, the oracle says, "Speake and speede;" while on the 25th of March, it is "Look about you;" and on the 2nd of April, "Be bold for it." The 27th and 31st of December give, "Presse on and prevaile;" while December 24th, Christmas-eve, too, most ominously points to "A rope and a halter!"

The various information contained in these little "Hand-books of the People"—for such, indeed, they then were—gives us on, on the whole, a favorable opinion of the general state of information. All of them have a sort of astronomical lecture prefixed; which, although certainly not Newtonian, is yet in accordance with the learning of the times. They have also "a table of distances of some of the most famous cities in the world, from the honorable city of London." Mexico, Quinzas, (whatever city that may be,) Jerusalem, and "Calicut"—scarcely known, we should have thought, then—the precursor of our eastern metropolis, Calcutta—and Nineveh! and Babylon! which is just 2710 miles off, and about forty others, figure in this table. The compiler is, however, strangely out in his calculations respecting cities nearer home, for he makes Edinburgh only 286 miles off. We must, however, not forget to mention, that there is also a table of remarkable events, "from the creation of the world."

In contemplating the general character of the people, we cannot but perceive that it was inferior to that in the reign of Elizabeth. The influence of so corrupt, so abandoned, a court was necessarily widely felt; and although its worst characteristics were confined to its immediate sphere, still greater profanity, greater extravagance, and less decorous manners were the result. The love of expensive dress seems to have increased so inordinately, that worthy mayors and aldermen, after the

usage of the times, had constantly to promulgate newer and more stringent sumptuary laws, to prevent women "below the rank of an alderman's wife" from wearing "three-piled velvet," and such braveries; and to keep the apprentices to their old-accustomed kersey hose and blue gowns. The dramatists of the day afford us many traits of the almost unimagined luxury and state of the "city madams," who were determined, as far as they could, to imitate the pomp and show of the ladies of the court. Nor have we reason to think that these descriptions are exaggerated, when we remember the modest request of Lady Compton, for "twenty gowns, 6000*l.* to buy me jewels, and 4000*l.* for a pearl chain;" or the royal state of the Duchess of Richmond, who went to the chapel at Ely house—"three gentlemen-ushers, in velvet gowns and gold chains, going before with wands; six ladies following, and two to hold up her train."

The "pride of place" was stoutly maintained at this period by all who had claim to precedence of any kind. And this, sufficiently ridiculous in the court ladies, and source of endless squabbles, was emulated by the civic dames: nor when the daughter who has married a knight, in that amusing picture of London manners, "Eastward Hoe," tells her mother, with no little pride, "and my coach-horses, mother, must take the wall of yours," did the remark appear so very laughable to them as to us.

From the pictures of manners in the contemporary drama, so much frivolity and extravagance, so much destitution of high and noble feeling appear, that we marvel from whence the next generation derived their lofty views and stern principles. It could not be the mere reflection of the dramatist's *own* mind that bodied forth the fine characters of the Elizabethan school, and then the reckless, mean-spirited, or else Quixotic personages of the succeeding. No, it was the earnest religious spirit of the earlier period that gave even to the drama its elevated character; and its deficiency was the cause of the deterioration, not of dramatic literature alone, but of national manners.

With many who take their estimate of King James from the servile dedication still prefixed to the Bible, the age that witnessed its new translation, made with so much care, and under the especial auspices of the monarch, must appear religious. And so, if "forms and ceremonies" are the all in all, it certainly was. No prelate, indeed, uplifted his voice amid all the crying iniquities of the court; but many fought vehemently for, "the divine right of episcopacy;" and all inculcated the duty of church going, and of adherence in the minutest points to the rubric and canons. Moreover, the churches were adorned with splendid altar-plate, and the king's choristers ministered in rich copes. And with much unction do the compilers of "Hierurgia Anglicana" detail the "decent and orderly" array of church ornaments in Bishop Andrewes' private chapel. The two candlesticks with tapers, the basin for oblations, the canister for the wafers, "silver gilt, like a wicker basket,

and lined with cambric laced!" the flagon, the chalice covered with a napkin embroidered in colored silks; the tricanale "with screw cover, and three pipes for the water of mixture;" and the silver censer, "wherein the clerk putteth frankincense at the reading of the first lesson; and the navicula, out of which the frankincense is poured!" Can we wonder that the Puritans of King James' days were intractable as they had been in Elizabeth's, and that many preferred exile to ministering at altars thus decked?

Happily for religion, in many of the more remote parts of the land, some of these confessors found a secure asylum, and there kept alive the flame of religion, which but for their efforts would have died out. And despite of strict and severe search, many continued in London, sheltered as chaplains or tutors in the households of some "worshipful merchant," whose opportune loan to some nobleman purchased him court protection. The next generation, and even ourselves, separated by seven, owe no common debt to those worthy laymen who sheltered and patronized the persecuted ministers of that day. It is delightful, turning from the disgusting details of court profligacy, to contemplate these worthies. Master John Temple, of Stowe, who had always some "grave and learned silenced minister" in his house, and who so instructed his son-in-law, Lord Saye and Sele, in "church matters," that he stood nobly forth to bear his "testimony" in the following reign—and Sir Henry Mildmay, of the Graces, whose mansion was a secure asylum to the persecuted Puritans, and whose worthy lady, with her sisters, Mistress Helen Bacon and Mistress Gurdon, are so heartily praised by that "powerful preacher" of that day, Master John Rogers, of Dedham—and Robert Bruen, Esquire, of Stapleford, too, "who caused the desert to blossom as the rose;" bringing the light of the gospel into the most obscure parts of Cheshire, and proving to the country round that the best Christian will also be the truest gentleman. We had frequently seen the account of this worthy in compilations of religious biography, but were never much interested, until we took up the original memoir. Here we see him to the life;—the true old English gentleman of the seventeenth century—exercising a power, and an influence far beyond aught in the present day, but using them—

"As ever in his great taskmaster's eye:"—

adopting the stately and formal usages of a time when even the internal regulations of a household were marshalled with the strict etiquette of the Heralds' College; but looked up to with affectionate reverence by his dependents, for the gentle and considerate care that kept watch over their interests, as though they were his own.

And delightful is it, too, to contemplate those confessors, who, although not called upon to endure the pillory, and the branding-iron of the next reign, "took joyfully the spoiling of their goods," and sustained long and severe imprisonment. In the same Tower of London where Sir Thomas

Overbury languished and died, a nobler prisoner, almost at the same time, endured a far sterner captivity, almost deprived of air and light—Andrew Melville. But his buoyant spirit, his heavenward hope, dwelt with him there, and the master whom he served enlightened the darkness, and he beguiled the long, but not weary hours, by writing graceful Latin verse on the walls of his cell. It was with a refinement of cruelty that James consigned his illustrious countryman to the tower. Had Melville been sent to the Counter, the Marshalsea, or Newgate, there were numberless "pious citizens" who would have rejoiced to have visited and soothed him. In the before-mentioned play, "Eastward Hoe," two profligate young men are sent to prison; they become penitent, and display their penitence by psalm singing. "They will sit you up all night, singing of psalms, and edifying the whole prison," says the jailer, "so that the neighbors cannot rest for them, but come every morning to ask what godly prisoners we have." How characteristic is this of a time of persecution, and the brotherly love that always prevailed:—the inquiry after the "godly prisoners"—strange term to us—and the sympathy, and the gatherings, and the visits of the kind-hearted women, upon whom the duty of visiting the prisoners mostly devolved, and the interchange of good wishes, and prayers. There was much quiet heroism in the religion of those times, which we, in our days of platforms and speeches, have lost sight of. And then there were the exiled brethren, towards whom those who remained at home cast many an anxious look. And on these did the government also cast an anxious look, as though conscious of the distinguished talents of their leaders, and the wide influence their principles would eventually command. It is curious to observe how often these, although under the general name of "puritan," are referred to in the writings of this time. The Brownists, indeed, must have been still rather numerous in England, to have attracted the notice of Donne, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Ben Jonson.*

The reign of James the First is, indeed, a dark period in our history—darker still from succeeding

* All the puritans whom he holds up to contempt in his plays, are Brownists. In his "Alchemist," written about 1610, Ananias is represented expressly as "one of the holy brethren of Amsterdam;" and Tribulation is the pastor, deputed by the brethren abroad to visit the brethren at home. In like manner, Zeal of the Land Busy, in "Bartholomew Fair," is represented as a baker of Banbury, who has left his oven to turn preacher, and been "chosen by the brethren." His hostess is an "assisting sister of the deacons," and the "woman," who inquires at the Staple of News for intelligence, asks for news of "the brethren of the separation." That all these characters should be exhibited in disgusting caricature might be expected, but it is curious to observe the unconscious testimony Jonson bears to their talents and learning. The Banbury baker, while he eschews Latin, maintains the preëminence of Hebrew, and marshals his arguments in a scholastic form. Even the "she Brownists" express interest in questions which would have been unintelligible to most women of that day. We seldom attack what we do not fear—surely Jonson must have deemed the Brownists no common foemen, in these often repeated notices.

From Chambers' Journal.

the "golden days" of Elizabeth. But darkness, no less than the light, has its appointed use, and the period just contemplated formed part of the needful discipline through which the nation had to pass. Thus, the ultimate effects of James the First's reign were beneficial to the public mind. The *prestige* of a court was no longer influential, when men were compelled to behold what wretches were the honored and courted ones there; the old nobility could no longer maintain their ancient honors when a Northampton, a Somerset, a Buckingham claimed them; and monarchy itself came to be regarded with widely different views than in the reign of Elizabeth, after James had "played his fantastic tricks." "The divinity that doth hedge a king" had long ceased to awe the people, ere king and commons met on the battle-field. And each disgraceful event of this reign exercised the minds of the people, while the strong efforts to put down all free speaking chafed that proud spirit, which but required a stimulus to arouse it. And then, an age cradled in warlike feelings could ill brook the state of inglorious repose in which "Jacobus Pacificus" delighted. Thus, when the Palatine war broke out, many a gallant spirit set forth to aid in the struggle for religious freedom, unconscious that within twenty years a nobler struggle would await him at home. Much does England owe to those "free companies," who set forth

"To fight for the gospel, and the good king of Sweden."

The lessons of warfare taught by the illustrious Gustavus, they in turn taught the parliament soldier, and a more important lesson still;—to view inevitable war as no mere game of pride or ambition, but as a last appeal, a solemn self-sacrifice, to be hallowed by psalm and prayer.

James the First died in his bed, surrounded by all that belongs to kingly state, and was duly interred with solemn obsequies, Laud declaring "that his rest was undoubtedly in Abraham's bosom;" and Williams, that to him this text might undoubtedly be applied—"The zeal of thy house hath eaten me up!" Popular opinion, however, whispered that his end was not peace; and that "the poisoned chalice" had been held to his own lip. There seems no reason to believe this was the case, although the mother of Buckingham kept constant watch over him, with diet drink of her own supply. That the wretched king feared it, seems probable, from his earnest supplication to Lord Montgomery, his first favorite, "for God's sake look that I have fair play!" This we believe he had; for Providence does not always in this life pursue crime with open punishment; but when the troubles of his son came on, when his grandson was exiled, those who could not consider James the First as guiltless in the mysterious cases to which we have directed the reader's attention, remembered the solemn threatening which pointed "even unto the third and fourth generation."

INFLUENCE OF THE WEATHER ON THE MIND AND BODY.

GENERAL experience convinces most people that the body and the mind are both liable to be affected by the "skiey influences." Some, indeed, like Dr. Johnson, may affect to treat this with ridicule, and the strong and robust may scarcely be sensible of any minute changes which the state of the weather may effect on their systems, but the more sensitive and susceptible again are fully alive to the facts; so much so, indeed, as to become in some measure living barometers. Who has not, in some part of his life at least, experienced the depressing effect of a dull rainy day on his spirits?—or who, on the contrary, has not felt the exhilaration of dry air and a bright glowing sunshine? At times, even in good health, a state of mind comes across us in which everything appears dark and gloomy; in which little ills are magnified into terrible evils; and in which casual annoyances seem as if they were to be perpetual, and never to be got over. All this may endure for a day, and we cannot account for it; but to-morrow's sun rises bright and cheerful; a wonderful change has come over our spirits; and hope and joy have suddenly taken the place of all our former sorrows. How much is man thus a creature of circumstances, and how apt is his mind thus to be unnecessarily agitated! It is right, however, that he should know this; and a few explanations of the effects of the weather on the animal system may not thus be without their use.

There are several circumstances which naturally affect the atmosphere as respects its influence on organized beings—such as its temperature, its moist or dry condition, its purity as respects admixture of other gases, and its electric condition. Hot air is always depressing and relaxing to the whole system; and as hot and highly rarefied air contains in the same bulk a smaller proportion of oxygen or vital air than cold and denser air, the lungs are thus defectively supplied with one of their chief stimulants of life. Cold air, on the contrary, is bracing and highly stimulating. Every one must have experienced the effects of these two extremes: the first in the languor, and lassitude, and oppressed breathing of a sultry summer day; the other in the exhilaration caused by a dry frosty day in winter, and the increased muscular activity and the ruddy glow of health which such weather causes. When the air is suddenly rarefied, or when a change of its constitution is about to take place, a corresponding impression is felt in the animal system; this is experienced before great storms, hurricanes, or heavy falls of rain or snow. Not only does man become sensible of this, but even the inferior animals, throughout all their grades of existence manifest by some outward indications their feelings of the approaching change. The cattle leave their pastures often with a loud bellowing, birds wheel about in the air, and even the leech, and other small animals

become unusually agitated. Air of an elevated temperature, and when loaded with moisture, has always a depressing effect on the spirits; dry air, on the contrary, has a stimulating, and, under ordinary circumstances, an exhilarating effect. A certain degree of moisture is absolutely necessary as a healthy condition of air; but extreme moisture or extreme dryness is prejudicial. The wind called the *sirocco*, which prevails at certain seasons of the year over those countries on the borders of the Mediterranean, exercises a very peculiar effect on the animal system. This wind comes from the arid deserts of Africa, and is extremely hot and dry. No sooner does it arrive on the shores of the Mediterranean, than it absorbs with avidity every particle of moisture up to its highest pitch of saturation; and while undergoing this change, its depressing and enervating effects are found to be most distressing. We experience something of the same kind in our east winds, which prevail along the eastern shores of Britain, especially in the spring months of the year. This east wind blows over the continent of Europe, as well as the northern parts of Asia, and is of low temperature, and deficient in moisture: as soon as it arrives on our island, it gradually absorbs both moisture and heat; and hence that peculiar dry, cold, shrivelling effect which it produces both on the bodies of animals and on all growing vegetables. This effect becomes more apparent when contrasted with a south or westerly wind. No sooner does the southerly wind gain the ascendancy—which wind blows over a long tract of ocean, and is consequently of elevated temperature, and supplied with a medium degree of moisture—than its mild and invigorating influence is felt both by the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

The *damp winds* of South America have been well described by Sir Woodbine Parish. To the north of Buenos Ayres is a very marshy district, while to the south-west lies the great chain of the Andes, separated only by the dry plains of the Pampas; and according as the wind blows from one or other of these quarters, the effects are very remarkable. By the time the north wind reaches the city, it has become so overcharged with moisture, that everything becomes instantly damp, books and boots become mildewed, keys rust even in the pocket, and good fires are necessary to keep the apartments dry. The effects produced in the human body by this humidity are a general lassitude and relaxation, opening the pores of the skin, and inducing great liability to colds, sore-throats, rheumatic affections, and all the consequences of checked perspiration. As a safeguard against this state of things, the inhabitants wear woollen clothing, even though the weather be very hot; and although Europeans would prefer wearing cool cotton clothing in such a climate, they soon learn that the native inhabitants are right in the plan which they pursue. This damp wind of La Plata seems to affect the temper and disposition of the inhabitants. The irritability and ill-humor which it excites in some of them, amount to little less

than a temporary derangement of their moral faculties. It is a common thing for men among the better class to shut themselves up in their houses during its continuance, and lay aside all business till it has passed; whilst among the lower orders it is always remarked that cases of quarrelling and bloodshed are much more frequent during the north wind than at any other time. In short, everything is deranged, and everybody lays the fault to one source; "*Senor es el viento norte!*"—"T is the north wind, sir!" Even murderers are said to lay to it the blame of their foul deeds. No sooner, however, does the south wind, blowing from the dry and snowy summits of the Andes, set in, than health, and comfort, and peace are restored.

Physicians attribute, and with reason, the prevalence of many diseases to these different states of the atmosphere. Thus moist air gives rise to bilious affections, and in some localities and seasons, to agues; dry sharp airs, again, are inimical to all disorders of the chest and lungs. An irritable state of the nervous system, and even temporary insanity, may also occur from extreme conditions of the surrounding atmosphere. The effect of deleterious substances in the air, as influencing health, is well known; hence one cause of the unhealthiness of smoke-enveloped cities, where the air becomes contaminated with an excess of carbon, and with sulphureous and other gases. Crowded and ill-ventilated apartments are also thus inimical to health, from containing an excess of carbonic acid and a corresponding deficiency of oxygen or vital air. We know too little as yet of the effects of electricity, either in excess or deficiency, or the animal system, yet sufficient facts are apparent to convince us that health depends greatly on the electric condition of the air. A coming thunder-storm has a marked effect on the sensations of man and the inferior animals: and rapid changes of the electric condition, which always take place on sudden changes of temperature, or of states of moisture and dryness, have no doubt a great deal to do with many diseases, especially those called epidemic—such as influenza, and some kinds of fevers. The excellent reports on mortality now introduced into England, as given by Dr. Farr, and those given with such accuracy by Dr. Stark of Edinburgh, sufficiently exhibit the effects of climate on disease. The rate of mortality ranges almost with the range of the thermometer! our mild and temperate months exhibiting the least disease, while those either of extreme heat, or extreme cold, or of excess of moisture, invariably swell the lists of mortality.

Certain temperaments are more liable to be affected by the weather than others, and invalids, and all delicate persons are more "tremblingly alive" to its changes than the robust and healthy. While one shivers with the northern breeze, and can tell from his sensations, the moment he gets out of bed, from what quarter the wind blows, another, less alive to minute feelings, laughs at all such, and, like the renowned Tam o' Shanter, "never minds the storm a whistle." But let none

exult too much in their impenetrability, or despise the warnings or salutary precautions which are required as protection against the elements; nor, on the other hand, let the afflicted despair, or yield their thoughts too much to such depressions coming from without.

It will perhaps be of some use to the sensitive to be aware of the real nature and cause of their afflictions. They have only to call to mind that such are in many cases of a purely physical nature; that they are the lot of all flesh—the inferior animals, and even insensate plants, not being excepted; that the effects of the weather are to be met by salutary precautions, and by a resolute and resigned mind; that, like many other evils, they soon pass away; and that in such cases especially, “though sorrow may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning.”

The permanent influence of particular climates on the national temperature and disposition is also a curious subject of inquiry. There seem to be grounds for supposing that climate has some effect in this way; hence the superior excitability of the inhabitants of warm climates as compared to those of cold:

“The cold in clime are cold in blood:
 Afric is all the sun's, and as her earth
 Her human clay is kindled.”

Even within the compass of Europe, marked differences of national character are to be observed, corresponding in a certain degree to difference of climate, though no doubt difference of race and natural temperament are also to be taken into account. Thus the inhabitants of the south are more irritable and more sensitive than the cold and phlegmatic natives of the north; the liveliness of the Frenchman differs from the sedateness of the German; and the proverbial dulness of the Dutch differs as much from the energy and vivacity of the Italian.

The effects of change of climate in the cure and prevention of disease are well known to medical men; and such changes, when judiciously made, are often productive of the best effects. Thus a mild, soft, and rather moist air, is found favorable to all complaints of the chest, while a dry bracing air acts like magic on the nervous and debilitated. Hence, too, the beneficial effects of travel, when change of air is conjoined with regular exercise of the body, and the amusement and occupation of the mind.

From the Spectator.

MR. TRENCH'S WALK ROUND MONT BLANC.

A FRIEND, in whose “doctrine, assiduity, and pastoral love” Mr. Trench could place the fullest reliance, having offered to take charge of his parish for a month, Mr. Trench determined to devote his holiday to “a walk round Mont Blanc.” He calculated upon a week out, a week home, about a week for his grand walk, and the other odd days to minor excursions, resting invariably on the Sunday. This, by dint of railroads, guides, an active

habit, and a sound constitution, he successfully accomplished; and he has published an account of his Alpine trip, to show others what can be done in a month, and without any great fatigue, if they are “capable of bearing a certain amount of bodily exertion.” This “certain amount” every one must interpret for himself. Mr. Trench, it appears incidentally, can walk eleven miles before breakfast, keep up twenty miles a day, and bear a dozen or fourteen hours of railway travelling; but he found great physical as well as spiritual benefit from the Sabbath day of rest.

His route was by Ostend; thence to Cologne by railway; then up the Rhine; and finally, by diligence and the feet, to Martigny; where, properly, his circuit of the giant of the Alps began, though Chamounix was his true head-quarters and starting-point. On his return he varied his route so far as Cologne; but proceeded direct to Ostend by the fourteen or fifteen hours of railway.

The ground travelled over is common enough; but it derives a degree of interest and even of novelty from the distinct purpose of the author, as well as from his personal and professional character. If we put aside popery, Mr. Trench is a tolerant and good-natured traveller; always taking a fair-sided view of things, and too old a roadster to be ruffled by little difficulties or disagreeables, very often incident to the nature of the journey. His clerical position frequently brought him in contact with persons, both English and foreign, whom a mere tourist would have passed by from having no reason or vocation to address them. The professional feeling also gave a subject of distinct observation, and sometimes brought him into contact with the law or customs of the country. It was Mr. Trench's custom on the Sunday to get together such Englishmen as he could for the purpose of divine worship. At Chamounix, in a Romanist canton, he applied to the landlord of the hotel for a room; but, says Mr. Trench,

To my great surprise, (for this was only the second time that such a thing had occurred to me during my travels in any land whatsoever,) my host said that this could not be permitted, and that it would bring upon him the most detrimental consequences. Nothing could be more kindly and civil than the manner in which he represented the matter; and I must say that he appeared very much to regret the circumstances in which he was placed. These I will now mention. He told me, that by the laws of the country it was generally forbidden to have *any meeting whatsoever for religious worship*, except that of the established, i. e. the Romish, church; and, therefore, that a special permission was requisite in order to allow even English travellers to meet for a religious service. In expectation of obtaining this permission, according to the principle admitted at Nice and Turin, and, as he himself quoted to me, even at Rome, he wrote to the proper authority, stating that the English travellers, who frequented his house in considerable numbers, were very desirous of meeting together to worship God on the Lord's day; and, I believe, also adding, that the prohibition of their doing so was a serious detriment to himself and to the place in general, as English travellers would avoid being at Chamounix

on Sunday, or hasten away from it on Saturday, in consequence of their inability to unite together in the place for that religious service which they considered obligatory upon them, and to which they were so much attached. Now what was the result of this? It will scarcely be believed, but it is perfectly true, that this permission was absolutely and decidedly refused. And the landlord informed me, that in case of his allowing any assembly for religious purposes in his house—even that of the English who were under the roof, without a single individual being invited or admitted from any other hotel or lodging in the town—he would be severely punished, and his house shut up by the police.

Of late years, the selfishness, and imposing, not to say dishonest, character of the Swiss have been freely commented upon by travellers. It is therefore but fair to look at the other side of the picture, and hear Mr. Trench, who has had some experience as a tourist.

PALACE HOTELS.

The "Three Kings" at Basle is one of those establishments on the continent maintained on the grand route of travellers to which I am indisposed to give any name inferior to that of *palaces*: so large, splendid, and attractive is their outward appearance and internal arrangement. There are four or five of the same description in Switzerland; for instance, the hotel of the "Three Crowns" at Vevay, and several at the German watering-places. They offer a page in the book of social life at the present day; and I therefore mention a few details in their appearance and character, as well as in the reception and entertainment of the guests who resort to them.

As to size they usually present a front of immense length. According to my paces, the balcony of the "Three Kings" fronting the suite of apartments and hanging absolutely over the deep stream of the Rhine, so that anything dropped would fall from thence perpendicularly into it, was 150 feet. Their position is often magnificent; so chosen as to combine every possible attraction of foreground and distant scenery. There is one, for instance, opposite the falls of Schaffhausen; the Hôtel de l'Europe at Mannheim; Hôtel Royal at Cologne, and those at Basle on the banks of the Rhine; also those at Lucerne and Vevay, on the borders of the two lakes on whose bank they stand.

Their internal arrangements are of vast size, and adapted for the reception of a multitude of guests, being able to entertain from one to three hundred occupants, and often receiving above one hundred in the evening, who depart in the morning. In order to accommodate and attract these guests, there is usually in the largest hotels which I am now describing a long saloon, having the very best view attainable from its windows, with a long table down the middle, set ready for dinner, supper, tea, coffee, or any other sort of refreshment; while at the sides and in the corners of the room there are additional small tables for those who prefer comparative privacy or have a party of their own. Besides this vast apartment, there is frequently at one end of it a breakfast and tea-room, to which, if preferred as more quiet, the visitor may resort; and

at the other end a reading-room, furnished with papers, in which the valued and valuable *Galig-nani's Messenger*, that real traveller's friend, is very seldom wanting, and in which there is sometimes a small collection of books.

At these establishments everything is conducted in the most complete and satisfactory manner. A porter is usually at the door, or in a small box adjoining, ready to give every information and aid to the traveller; while frequently the landlord of the hotel takes the superintendence of all that is going on, and comes to his guest on every occasion or inquiry in which he may prove useful. It is well known that, in Switzerland especially, persons of considerable wealth and position in the country embark their capital and employ their energies in the conduct of these hotels; and I have been myself at one whose owner at the time occupied one of the highest political situations which the country afforded.

I shall conclude this general sketch of these grand receptacles, in which the traveller finds himself (sometimes at the end of fatiguing journeys, and after two or three days of very different accommodation) most delightfully placed, by adding, for the satisfaction of the inexperienced, that the traveller need not apprehend finding all this sumptuousness put down to his account in the bill. The charges in these establishments are in general perfectly fair, and scarcely larger than those met with at the most ordinary inns of the country. Coming into one of them late, taking tea, a bed, and breakfast in the morning, I have often found my bill amount to no more than five or six shillings, in which sum a charge for servants was included.

We could easily extend these quotations by extracts descriptive of manners, religious feeling, or Romanist superstition and intolerance, as well as bits of scenery or incidents of journey; but we have done enough to convey an idea of the scope and character of the book. *A Walk Round Mont Blanc* will be found an agreeable volume for home reading, but its most useful feature is as a guide. Any one wishing to follow the plan of the author must carry this volume with him, as the best and most intelligent companion he could have on the journey.

HAYDN AND MRS. BILLINGTON.—Every real lover of music must like Haydn's expressions to Reynolds when shown the picture of Mrs. Billington: "Yes, like, very like, but you've made a sad mistake!" "How?" "You've made her *listening to the angels*; you should have made *the angels listening to her*." Mrs. Billington sprang up, threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him.

LUTHER AND THE BIRDS.—With the birds of his native country he had established a strict intimacy, watching, smiling, and thus moralizing over their habits:—"That little fellow," he said of a bird going to roost, "has chosen his shelter, and is quietly rocking himself to sleep without a care for to-morrow's lodging, calmly holding by his little twig, and *leaving God to think for him*."

From Chambers' Journal.

THE ONE-EYED WIDOW AND THE SCHOOLMASTER.

"He's an old savage, that vile Monsieur Pascal Camus; he would do anything to destroy my peace."

"She's an old one-eyed vixen, that Madame Marengo; nothing makes her so happy as to find means of annoying me. I know she wishes to put me in my grave; but I scorn and pity her."

Such was the nature of the criminations daily uttered by two parties in regard to each other—the one an aged schoolmaster, and the other the widow of a sergeant, both of whom lived in the same tenement in one of the back streets of Paris. Let us introduce them to the reader. Madame Marengo was a tall, masculine sort of woman who had seen service. She had for years followed the *Grand Army* during Napoleon's wars, in which she had first lost an eye, and then lost her husband, a gallant sergeant, who had assumed the name of Marengo, in honor of the battle in which he had been promoted from the ranks. For her long and faithful services in attending on the wounded at the different engagements, as well as for the deprivation of her husband, Bonaparte had presented her with a cross of the legion of honor, which she greatly prized, and constantly wore suspended from her neck. Now somewhat broken down, but still animated with much of the old fire, she subsisted by carding and renovating wool mattresses—a great trade among the humbler classes in Paris. She did not derive much from her occupation of *cardeuse*, as it is called; but this little, joined to the trifling pension which accompanied her "cross," was enough for all her wants in her lofty and solitary attic.

M. Pascal Camus, who lived on the ground-floor, where he conducted a small school, was equally a curiosity in his way. While the *cardeuse* was tall and bony, and a little rough in manner, the schoolmaster was short, dumpy, and pompous; while she was all for the empire, and considered Napoleon to have been the greatest of earthly beings, he was fixed in his admiration of the Bourbons, detested Napoleon, and called him a usurper and a tyrant. There were here sufficient elements of discord; but more were not wanting. M. Camus hated the *cardeuse*, because she wore a cross of the legion of honor. The *cardeuse* hated M. Camus, because he persisted in wearing a queue and shoe-buckles—undeniable tokens of regard for the old régime. Differing in sentiment on so many things, these two personages had at least one point in common—they had respectively a very great notion of their own importance. Madame Marengo could never forget what she had seen and gone through. M. Pascal Camus secretly believed himself to be a genius. It is true that his genius had not been acknowledged by the world, but he rather liked that; great geniuses had all been unknown at some time or other; and even should his genius never be acknowledged during his lifetime, there was no small pleasure in reflecting how society would afterwards lament for not having encouraged and rewarded his merits. It was quite a feast to think how mankind would some day be sorry for having neglected him, and wish to do him honor when it was too late. "Perhaps," thought he—for the poor man was a widower—"my little daughter Annette may one day come in for a share of what can no longer benefit me."

Every one who thought anything of the subject,

observed that no two persons could be more opposite in their notions than the *cardeuse* and the schoolmaster; but nobody could understand why they should live on such terms of hostility. They did not necessarily require to interfere with each other; though dwelling under the same roof, six floors separated them, and they did not even need to know each other. Why, then, did they quarrel so frequently? Why utter such terrible things of each other to their neighbors? The truth is, the good people who lived in the vicinity of the belligerents did not exactly comprehend their character. Both were, in reality, not ill-disposed; under an external eccentricity, each had a kindly heart. They, however, equally required a certain homage, which, if granted, all well and good; but if denied, then there was nothing but mischief. With two such persons a collision was inevitable. It is impossible to say on what occasion a mutual huff was created: but a disagreement once having taken place, the bristles of both were up; and soon was proclaimed an everlasting and mutual war. Henceforth they exchanged scowling glances when they met on the staircase, and the mutual hatred was intense.

Did this blow-up render the two unhappy? No such thing. They were of course kept on the fret; but somehow this was what they liked. It was meat and drink to them to have somebody to be at war with—somebody who, they imagined, was constantly persecuting them. They, in fact, required to live in one of two conditions of feeling; that is, either to feel that they were worshipped or hated. All who paid them any sort of respect, were the most amiable people possible; all who gave them any real or imaginary cause of offence, were demons. Having settled down in this voluntarily-embraced enmity towards each other, their tongues, on all suitable occasions, told of sufferings. Madame Marengo averred that M. Camus, whom she called an "old savage," an "old Cossack," and fifty other bad names, had no other earthly purpose in living but that of tormenting her. Some charitable persons wanted to persuade her that the good man might wish to live for his own sake, or perhaps for that of his little daughter Annette; but Madame Marengo only smiled incredulously: she knew better than that. It was a remarkable proof of the sympathy which will sometimes exist even between inveterate foes, that M. Camus was precisely of a similar opinion. He affected, however, to look upon Madame Marengo with calm contempt, and a certain degree of the heroic resignation which is generally found to characterize lofty spirits. It was not the *cardeuse*, he declared, who acted, but a hidden and mysterious power within her. He forgave her, for he knew she was not a free agent, but merely the instrument of that fatality which delights in persecuting genius. When people advised him to leave the house, he seemed to compassionate their ignorance, and informed them that Madame Marengo would follow him wherever he went; that he did not, however, blame her for this; she could not help herself. And he generally closed his remarks with a quotation from Corneille or Racine, in which the *cardeuse* was successively compared to Athalia, Agrippina, and Berenice, to all which poetical characters the one-eyed widow evidently bore a striking resemblance.

Thus it will be seen that the enmity of the *cardeuse* and the schoolmaster was rather a pleasant kind of affair after all. It was something to think of; and whenever they were afflicted with any little misfortune, they had the comfort of knowing that

it must come from the enemy's quarter. Of course it never signified whether there was proof that such was the case or not; M. Camus and Madame Marengo left proofs to the vulgar.

The parties were in the full enjoyment of their hatred, when a young working-man, named Paul Simoneau, about seventeen years of age, came to lodge in the house, and took one of the attics on the same landing with Madame Marengo. He was one of those joyous, contented-looking beings whose constant good-humor secures them universal goodwill. The world, after all, is generally disposed to be friendly with those who seem to be at peace with their own hearts. Though Paul was without relations or near friends, and though he earned but little in comparison with his wants, he was not merely resigned to his fate, like so many people, but perfectly satisfied with it, which was perhaps better still, and certainly more pleasant to himself. He soon became a great favorite with Madame Marengo. She had resolved at first to be exceedingly reserved; not approving of intimacies between neighbors, as such affairs—witness herself and M. Camus—never ended well. But this philosophy would not do when applied to Paul. In the first place, he had one of those clear, pleasant voices which are perfectly irresistible; so at least thought the sergeant's widow, when she heard him singing in the morning some popular strain of Béranger's, almost always referring to the *Grande Armée*, or to her darling emperor. Then, in spite of herself, her heart yearned towards him; for he reminded her of her youth, and of a son about his own age, whom she had lost many years ago, and who sang the very same songs. Listening to him thus morning after morning, the cardeuse could not help occasionally opening the door of her room, and thrusting out her head just to give him a good-humored nod as he went out to his work. Paul answered by taking off his cloth cap, and politely inquiring after her health. With all her roughness, Madame Marengo was a rigid formalist. She would have felt highly indignant had a man, no matter of what degree, addressed her with his hat on; and she was the more exacting of such homage, that she knew it was no longer paid to her personal attractions, but to her sex and military service. When Paul, therefore, stood before her with his cap in his hand, the good dame, smiling on him with gratified pride, could not but inquire if there was anything she might do for him! Should she give a look to his room, or feed his bird whilst he was out, or do any little thing of the kind? Paul generally accepted of her kind services; for he saw that Madame Marengo was never happier than when she had made his little room quite neat, sewed a loose button on his coat, or rendered him any other trifling service. In this manner, from mere acquaintances, they soon became friends. She loved the young working-man for his never-failing good-humor, which seemed to her to gladden the whole of the gloomy house for the few hours he spent in it; and he liked the cardeuse for her quaint sayings, old stories of long-fought battles, and the genuine kindness which, notwithstanding her outward roughness, still lived at her heart.

It happened that M. Pascal Camus, who was, however, far more exclusive than even Madame Marengo, was, like her, unaccountably mollified by the cheerfulness and good-temper of Paul Simoneau. It was this worthy gentleman's habit, when his pupils had retired for the evening, to sit on a chair near the threshold of his school-room, and thence

mark attentively who went up or came down the stairs. The portress, whose office he thus usurped, was highly indignant at his presumption, which she ascribed to overweening curiosity; but M. Pascal Camus, like all true philosophers, delighted to observe human nature, and he declared that he had learned more by sitting at his door, with his little Annette working by his side, than from the reading of heavy folios.

It was thus he first saw Paul Simoneau coming home from his work in the evening, with his bag of tools thrown on his shoulder, and ascending the steep stair-case that led to his attic, with a step so free and elastic, that M. Camus, who averred he knew a man's temper from his tread, instantly saw that Paul was perfectly happy. The young man did not fail, on his part, to notice the schoolmaster's quaint and stumpy figure; but seeing him, evening after evening, in the same attitude—for either summer or winter, M. Camus was at his post—he began to think that he could not pass by him without some token of recognition. Not wishing, however, to make too free—there being nothing particularly inviting in M. Camus' solemn visage—he merely bowed as he passed the door of the school-room. Here was a proper concession. The schoolmaster acknowledged his bow by a condescending nod; but though it would not have looked dignified to be pleased, he was, say the truth, exceedingly gratified. There must be something truly delightful in natural courtesy, for it seldom fails to conciliate: the most rugged and stern are softened by it, because they feel that it is not a mere empty form; they see that it comes from the heart.

M. Pascal Camus, though a wise and learned man, was not above being pleased with the deference of those whom he considered his inferiors. Paul's bow showed the secret but respectful admiration which he felt for his—M. Camus'—character; his not venturing on any undue familiarity, also spoke in his favor; in short, the schoolmaster was so well pleased with the young working-man, that his nod became more condescending every evening, until he at last, one day, actually asked him to walk in. This interview so heightened his good opinion of Paul, that he frequently renewed his invitation; and the young man, who found the schoolmaster's conversation improving, though somewhat pedantic, neglected no opportunity of being in his company. It was not long before Madame Marengo discovered that Paul Simoneau was on friendly terms with her enemy; she was indignant at the schoolmaster's impertinence in presuming to entice away a person in whom she felt an interest, for she would never admit that M. Camus might love Paul for his own sake; everything was done to vex and annoy her. M. Camus entertained a similar opinion: "If Madame Marengo paid the young man any little attentions, it was because she knew that this was offensive to him." But they both agreed that such conduct was too contemptible to be worthy of the least attention, and determined to disappoint the enemy by taking no notice of this treacherous attack. Thus the two antagonists exulted in their imaginary triumph over each other, admiring their own wisdom, and pitying the blindness of their foe.

This dream, so soothing to the pride of the two antagonists, was unfortunately disturbed by Paul Simoneau; he did not, or would not, understand that their enmity was for them a very pleasant and comfortable feeling; and he actually took great pains to destroy it. In the first place, he com-

pletely undeceived them as to the belief each had so long entertained—that the other was always engaged in some dark plot against his or her welfare. He proved to M. Camus that Madame Marengo thought much more about her mattresses than about him; whilst he clearly showed her that she was of very secondary importance in the schoolmaster's opinion, by assuring her, when she wanted to know all the bitter things he had been saying of her, that M. Camus had not uttered her name to him for the last week. Of course madame could not believe this; it was said to spare her feelings; but Paul need not fear; she was accustomed to the "old Cossack's" hatred, &c. When Paul, however, assured her that this was actually the case, she felt exceedingly disappointed, and haughtily wondered whether M. Camus meant to insult her by such behavior? M. Camus felt himself equally aggrieved on learning from the young man that he was not the first object of Madame Marengo's thoughts. The two enemies now began to discover that the charm of their hatred was rapidly vanishing away; and as this was evidently Paul's doings, they would have quarrelled with him had the thing been possible. But he looked so unconscious of harm, and seemed so pleased when he had been saying something likely to reconcile them!

Matters went on thus for some time, until gradually, and in spite of themselves, the feelings of the two antagonists began to mollify. Paul had the art—if that could be called art which was so natural to him—of setting things in their most pleasant and kindly aspect. There was not a good trait in the character of Madame Marengo which he did not repeat to M. Camus, and *vice versa*. This did not produce a very strong effect on the schoolmaster, whose heart was somewhat tough; but Madame Marengo's was of softer texture. Being what is termed a woman of strong affections, she could not remain in a state of indifference. Her hatred for the schoolmaster was fast melting away! evidently it would be replaced by a better feeling. All at once she began to discover that M. Camus was a remarkable man, and profoundly learned; then his daughter Annette was such a nice, pretty girl! in short, there were so many reasons for liking him upon the whole! One morning, when she was thus favorably disposed, the cardeuse chanced to perceive M. Pascal Camus standing at the door of his school-room; he looked so majestic, that her heart was touched; she could not resist the temptation of calling up an amiable smile on her weatherbeaten features, gently nodding to him as she passed by. At first M. Camus was so much astonished, that, as he afterwards observed, he remained rooted to the spot: but as he knew nothing of Madame Marengo's favorable feelings, and considered her courtesy an audacious insult, he soon rallied, and eyeing the smiling cardeuse with a glance of unutterable scorn, he turned his back upon her with haughty contempt.

Madame Marengo was highly indignant to find her advances repulsed; her hatred now returned tenfold; and as she was going to work the very same day for a dyer's wife who lived next door, she did not neglect this opportunity of venting her spleen on M. Camus, by giving him every fault which a human being could possibly possess. On the evening of the next day, when Paul began speaking to her of M. Camus, the cardeuse immediately declared she would hear nothing about him.

"Ah, madame," deprecatingly observed Paul, "he is so unhappy just now. You know that he

has not many scholars. Well, the dyer's wife, who lives next door, had promised to send her little nephew to his school; he was to get fifteen francs a month with him, and it would have just paid his next quarter's rent. If you were to know how glad he and Annette were about it—for though she is only thirteen, he tells her everything. As they were telling me of it this evening, the dyer's wife came in, and taking Monsieur Camus into the other room, told him that she could not think of sending her nephew to his school, as he was known to be such a shocking bad character; that she had good authority for what she said; but not liking to make mischief, would not name the person from she had learned this. She spoke so loud, that Annette and I could hear every word: poor Annette cried all the time. When the dyer's wife was gone—and she did not stay long—Monsieur Camus came out, looking so sad, that it made my heart ache. Poor man, he was thinking about his rent, and wondering what he should do!"

Every word that Paul uttered smote Madame Marengo to the heart. Instantly she underwent a revolution of feeling. Her hatred turned to compassion. She was evidently the cause of all this mischief, and bitterly did she repent ever having uttered a word against the schoolmaster. Whilst Paul remained with her, Madame Marengo laid her feelings under some restraint, but as soon as she was alone, she began wondering how she could repair the injury she had inflicted on M. Camus. This seemed difficult enough; but though hopeless of success, she resolved to speak to the dyer's wife the next morning. As she had expected, she failed; the boy had already been sent to another school; the dyer's wife was, besides, one of those persons who make it a rule never to retract a resolution, however absurd or erroneous it may be: Madame Marengo came home with a heavy heart. What was she to do? To throw herself on the tender mercies of M. Camus, and tell him all! But besides that the cardeuse wanted sufficient magnanimity for this, she knew that it would not restore the lost scholar. After mature deliberation, she at length resolved to make another effort to get reconciled to the schoolmaster, hoping to be able to render him some service, which might compensate for the harm of which she was the cause. The very same day Paul was charged to bear proposals of peace to M. Pascal Camus from Madame Marengo. In his present humbled condition, M. Camus found this exceedingly gratifying.

"You see, Paul," he observed with calm dignity, "the moral power of genius. I have at length compelled Madame Marengo to acknowledge, as she was bound to do, my superiority. I cannot, however, grant her request without certain restrictions. She has braved me too long for this, and it would not do to let people think they have only to ask my forgiveness in order to obtain it."

Accordingly, M. Camus clogged his consent by so many vexatious and haughty clauses, that Paul declared Madame Marengo would never submit to them. "I don't care, sir," replied the inflexible schoolmaster; "I did not make any friendly proposals to Madame Marengo; if she will not agree to the terms I offer, it is perfectly indifferent to me. But she will agree to them, depend upon it," he added with a complacent smile; "I saw it in her eye the last time she attempted to insult me; that woman's spirit is conquered, sir."

Though Paul somewhat doubted this assertion, he mentioned to Madame Marengo the conditions

on which the schoolmaster had agreed to receive her into his favor. To his great surprise, she agreed to everything. But M. Camus was not astonished; he had predicted that it would be so. When it was understood in the house that Madame Marengo and M. Pascal Camus were on good terms, the news was heard with that suspicious astonishment which might have been felt of yore if peace had been proclaimed between Rome and Carthage. The portress declared, for her part, that it was only a hollow truce, and most of the lodgers shared in this belief. Matters went on, however, much better than these charitable individuals had anticipated. M. Pascal Camus was all condescending kindness, and Madame Marengo much more submissive and respectful than could have been anticipated; but the truth was, that her soul was burdened with remorse, and she longed to repair the mischief she had occasioned by rendering her former enemy some signal service. M. Camus, however, would give her no opportunity of doing this; he was so exceedingly dignified, so reserved, and placed so many impediments in her way, that Madame Marengo fretted and fumed in the excess of her impatience. "This only increased," as the schoolmaster expressed it, "the strong necessity which existed for him to keep Madame Marengo at a proper distance. For you see, my dear sir," he would observe to Paul—he was always wonderfully polite—"it would never do to allow such people to be familiar with me, merely because they happen to be a little good-natured, and all that. Madame Marengo has good points, I allow; but I must confess that to me she always smells of the barracks."

Matters had gone on thus for about a month, during which Madame Marengo had more than once been strongly tempted to quarrel with M. Camus for not allowing her to serve him in some way or other, when, luckily for her, but, as it proved, rather unfortunately for him, she found an opportunity of displaying her zeal. The schoolmaster fell dangerously ill; and as the doctor declared that he had a contagious fever, the school was deserted in no time. Annette attended on her father with the greatest devotedness, but in a few days she was laid up with the same disease. Now was the time for Madame Marengo to show her friendship. Paul was very willing to do everything in his power for the poor schoolmaster; but the *cardeuse* declared that he was only in the way, and so managed, that the whole burden of waiting on M. Camus and his daughter soon rested on herself. She did everything; cleaned the rooms, prepared the necessary *tisanes*, attended on the two patients with unwearied zeal, paid the rent and the doctor without saying anything about it; in short, she would even have given the lessons to the pupils, if they had not been all gone away. And her zeal was so exemplary, that every one admired it, excepting the portress, who declared, with a wink, that she was as knowing as Madame Marengo, and could see through her arts; which meant that the *cardeuse* entertained matrimonial designs on M. Camus. If such was indeed the case, Madame Marengo's expectations did not seem likely to be realized, for though Annette was soon out of danger, her father grew worse every day. His mind, however, was perfectly sound; and it is only just to say, that if his heart had long been obdurate, it now seemed to be entirely softened in favor of his kind nurse. Though Madame Marengo had lived amongst soldiers, and in barracks, and though her manners were not irreproachably genteel, she had a true and honest

heart; and with all her outward roughness, none knew better than she did how to render a service in a delicate manner. The schoolmaster saw all this, and he now wondered why or how he had ever hated Madame Marengo.

One evening, when the schoolmaster was revolving those thoughts in his mind, he suddenly turned towards the *cardeuse*, who was sitting at the head of his bed, and earnestly observed, "Madame, if I die, I think I can intrust Annette to your care. I know," he added, with a patronizing air, which even now he could not quite cast away, "that I might confide her to a more educated and accomplished lady, but I doubt whether I could find one with a kinder heart."

M. Pascal Camus spoke this in the tone of a man who confers a great favor; and though, after his death, Annette would be a portionless orphan, it did not occur to him to look on the matter in any other light. It will perhaps be saying more in Madame Marengo's praise than we might otherwise express, to state that she took precisely the same view of the subject. She only saw the moral trust reposed in her, and she was deeply affected. It was the first time, too, that the schoolmaster had ever addressed to her a word of praise: the tears rose to her eyes, and in the height of her emotion she begged M. Camus to forgive her all that she had ever done against him. Then she confessed to him that she had been the cause of his losing his pupil, and that numbers upon numbers of times she had called him, behind his back, "an old Cossack." This irreverent appellation rather shocked M. Camus; but he made a heroic effort, and as Madame Marengo was evidently deeply penitent, he declared that he forgave her. It was his duty, he said, as a Christian, for he felt his end approaching. Madame Marengo assured him that he was much better, but M. Pascal Camus persisted that he was dying. "All men of genius," said he solemnly, "foretell the hour of their death: it is not therefore astonishing that I should be able to predict mine. I shall die," added he, after a moment's pause, "at seventy seconds past eight o'clock to-morrow morning. Mind, Madame Marengo, at seventy seconds past eight!"

"Well, do drink some of your tisane; there's a dear," interposed Madame Marengo, rather alarmed at the sick man's excited look. M. Camus was the most docile of patients; he took the drink, and as it was of a soporific quality, he soon sank into a deep sleep. Madame Marengo was not very superstitious, but she had heard of such things as deathbed predictions, and she had strong faith in her own presentiments. Now she happened to feel a particular presentiment, which told her that M. Camus would really die at the appointed hour—great, therefore, was her anxiety during the night. M. Camus never wakened once; this looked extremely suspicious; morning came, and still the patient slept; eight o'clock struck, and Madame Marengo's heart beat high; she watched M. Camus with feverish anxiety; the seventy seconds passed, and still he did not waken; in short, M. Camus did not open his eyes until a quarter past ten. Though rather pleased to find himself alive and well, he was exceedingly surprised; there must be some mistake; the clock did not go right; this was the first prediction of his which had not proved correct. At this moment the doctor came in. He declared that the patient was much better; a favorable crisis had occurred during the night. M. Camus immediately brightened up; this explained everything; he

seems to have died at seventy seconds past eight, but a favorable crisis having occurred, the consequence was, &c. &c. Madame Marengo's presentiment admitted of a similar explanation, and both were perfectly satisfied.

M. Camus now recovered rapidly. In less than a month he no longer needed Madame Marengo's assistance, and was able to attend to his pupils. He then discovered that they had all left him. Their parents declared, much in the same language which he had once applied to Madame Marengo, that both himself and his school-room smelt of the fever. This was a sad blow for the schoolmaster; but it happened that, at that very time, Paul ascertained that the savings' bank, in which he had deposited a few hundred francs, saved from his earnings, was a remarkably unsafe place for money. He immediately expressed a wish to invest it in some safe speculation. In short, though not without much pressing, Paul induced M. Camus to accept of a loan, part of which was to be applied to his immediate wants, whilst with the rest the school-room was to be fitted up in style. This produced a wonderful effect: pupils immediately flocked in, the dyer's nephew among the rest; and in less than a year, M. Camus was able not only to return Paul's loan, but even to repay Madame Marengo the sums she had spent upon him during his illness.

Several years have passed away since the reconciliation of M. Pascal Camus and Madame Marengo. They have wisely abjured speaking on politics, and are now as stanch friends as they were formerly bitter enemies. They have learned, that though people may not agree on certain points, still there is no reason why they should be enemies. Though Paul was the instrument of their reconciliation, both the cardeuse and the schoolmaster declare that their friendship is simply owing to the excellent qualities which they have since then discovered in each other—qualities of which they could of course know nothing as long as they remained mutually hostile. It will serve to show the confidence which reigns between them to state, that they have lately agreed, but in secret, that a marriage between Paul and Annette would be a very eligible affair in a few years' time. But as both the parties are yet rather young, the elder ones have wisely determined, though they have long marked their secret attachment, to say nothing on the subject yet; and indeed it was premature to mention it even here.

There are a great many Madame Marengos and Monsieur Pascal Camuses in this world, who quarrel half their lives without knowing why. What a pity they will not try the other system, by way of change! They would find it much less troublesome, and ten times as pleasant, after all.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

SLEDY CASTLE, AND ITS TRAGEDY.

IN a secluded part of the county of Waterford (in the parish of Modelligo) stands the lonely ruin of Sledy Castle, which, though unnoticed by tourists and sketchers, has been celebrated in its day for a tragedy of real life, marked by the features of romance, and connected with the civil discords of Ireland in the 17th century, and which has given significant names to some places in the vicinity. It is a fragment of local history, hitherto unwritten, and now fast passing away from the fading memory of tradition. But the castle is not

favorably situated for attracting attention, though within a few miles of the town of Cappoquin. It stands on a slight elevation, at a short distance from a little-frequented road leading from Cappoquin to Clonmel, in an uninteresting landscape, consisting simply of ground a little undulating and divided into fields, a sprinkling of plantation, a cabin or two, the shallow River Finisk winding beside the way, and peeps of low hills in the distance.

The tall, dark, square ruin, with its many gables and high chimneys, less resembles a castle than a bawn, as we call in Ireland a stone dwelling, strongly and defensively built, but not regularly castellated. It is a lone and naked object; there is no graceful veil of ivy, no umbrageous tree weeping near it, like some only surviving friend, that had seen its day of strength, and mourned its years of decay. The edifice is in the form of a double cross, the eight limbs being all of equal length, and each finished by a tall, large gable, crowned by a high chimney; of these gables, seven remain perfect—the eighth has fallen. The castle is placed diagonally on its site; a circumstance which added considerably to its defensive capabilities. It is of rough stone, plastered over, and every corner is faced with cut-stone. The walls are very thick, and still partially covered with a steep stone roof. The windows are irregularly placed—rather small, oblong squares, divided into panes by slight stone mullions and transoms. The entrance is completely demolished, but its two square flanking towers, one at each side, still remain; that on the left (as the spectator faces the castle) has a parapeted and battlemented platform, with a machicollation; the other is of inferior size, with the remains of stone stairs, midway in which is an opening—a small round arch of cut stone—as if intended for the convenience of looking down into the hall, to reconnoitre visitors. The broken stairs lead to a small, ill-lighted stone room, the "lady's bower" of the olden times, and thence up to the turret top, where the fair lady might woo the summer evening air.

The interior of the castle is a mere shell, and the ground is covered with ruins and rubbish, overgrown with nettles and rank weeds; but it is still evident that there were four stories, with three floors, supported on plain stone corbels. On the ground-floor may be traced the kitchen, with its ample fire-place, and an arched recess beside it; this apartment adjoins the machicollated flanking tower. Of other rooms nothing can be distinguished. The whole building is very plain; solidity and security seem to have been the sole aim of the founder.

The entire was surrounded, according to tradition, by a moat, furnished with a draw-bridge. Of these no vestiges remain, the moat having been long since filled up, to facilitate agricultural labor round the spot.

But it is time to pass from the description of Sledy Castle to its history, and that of its original possessors, the M'Graths.

In very early times, the ancient family of M'Grath* held large estates in the western part of the county Waterford. They richly endowed the Augustinian Abbey, at Abbeyside,† near Dungarvan; among the ruins of which, under a low window at the east end, is an ancient tomb, inscribed, "Donald M'Grath, 1400." For the defence of the abbey, this family built, beside it, a lofty square castle, some ruins of which still remain. Local tradition affirms that the M'Graths also built Fernane Castle, (of which scarce a fragment now exists,) near Sledy; and Castle Clonagh, Castle Connagh, and Castle Reigh; all near the boundary line between the counties of Waterford and Tipperary.

At the close of the 16th, and commencement of the 17th century, the most remarkable person of the family was Philip M'Grath, commonly called in Irish, *Philib-na-Tsioda*, that is, "Silken Philip," meaning polished, or elegant, which he is said to have been in an eminent degree. The country people relate that, at this period, one of the family estates comprised seven townlands, within a ring fence. Philip had two brothers, of whom, one named John, is said to have built the old, and now ruined, castle of Clonosecoran, near Dungarvan; the other named (I think) Pierce, is stated to have built the old Castle of Kilmanehin, in the barony of Glenaheira.

The personal grace and accomplishments of Silken Philip found favor in the eyes of a noble maiden, Mary Power, or Poer, daughter of John le Poer, then Baron of Curraghmore. She fell violently in love with him, surmounted the opposition of her family, and married him; and Philip brought home his bride to the old castle of Fernane, where he then resided. "Omnia vincit amor," says Virgil; but in *this* instance love had not subdued all the pride of this highborn fair: she despised her husband's dwelling as soon as she saw it, and positively refused ever to enter it, saying that her father's stables would be a more befitting residence for a lady. She ordered dinner to be served on a rocky hillock that overlooks the river Finnisk; and when the repast was over, she returned to her father's seat, and there determined to remain till her husband should have built for her such an abode as she could esteem worthy of her presence; and she further required that it should be erected on her own jointure lands of *Curach na Sledy*, to secure herself in the use of the intended

castle during her life. Philip at first refused to build the desired residence; but his wife insisted with such vehemence, that a serious misunderstanding took place between them, and the lady vowed never to be reconciled till she obtained her wish. The bridegroom seeing his domestic comfort at stake forever, yielded at length, and commenced the work. His friends and relatives came forward to his assistance; and the numerous tenants of his family and their connections not only gave voluntary labor, but also brought such large contributions of every kind, towards defraying the expenses of the building, that when the Castle of Sledy was finished, Philip M'Grath found himself much richer than when he commenced—a circumstance worthy to be recorded of an Irish gentleman; it being proverbial that a diametrically opposite result generally attends mansion-building in Ireland. A quantity of fine oak timber was used in the construction of the castle; but not a vestige of it now remains, having been all carried away piecemeal by the peasantry, subsequent to its desolation; and in one of the principal apartments was placed a handsome marble chimney-piece, with the name of the founder, and the date of the completion of the building, "*Philippus M'Grath, 1628.*" That memorial was extant for about a century after the desertion of the castle, but is not now to be found. Tradition says that the building of Sledy Castle occupied seven years; during which period the lady of Philip M'Grath presented him with four children: the three elder were daughters, named (in the order of their birth) Margaret, Catherine, and Mary; the youngest was a son, named Donell (*Anglice*, Daniel.)

The castle being at length finished, and the lady's pride gratified, she came, with her husband and children, to take possession, and the now happy couple looked forward to many years of enjoyment. But the foundations of the dwelling had been laid in strife, and that of no trivial kind: there had been the loosening of the most holy ties, the endangering of the most sacred affections; that very home had arisen as a memorial of domestic discord; and when the walls were thus founded, it is not wonderful that blood and rapine subsequently smote them to their destruction.

Philip M'Grath and his wife, when the cause of discontent was removed, lived lovingly together, esteemed by their equals, and respected by their inferiors, and for a few short years comfort and happiness seemed to have fixed their abode at Sledy. But scarcely had five years elapsed from the completion of the castle, when Philip M'Grath was snatched away, in the prime of life, from his new-built dwelling, his now affectionate wife, and his youthful family.

On his death, the heir, his son Donell, a child, was removed by his guardians to Dublin, for his education; but the widow, with her daughters, remained at Sledy. She was a clever and notable woman; and all things that devolved to her management throve so well, that Sledy Castle, forlorn as it now looks, was famed for its ample stores of

*This name occurs in old records, with various orthographies; I have seen it written Cragh, Creigh, Creagh, M'Cragh, M'Craith, Magrath, and M'Grath: I have adopted the latter, as in use in the districts where the family flourished. Dr. Lanigan says: "Our old writers allowed themselves too great a latitude in spelling proper names, so as often to excite doubts as to the identity of one and the same person. Hundreds of instances might be adduced."—*Ecclesiastical History*, Vol. ii.

†The remains of this building (the wall, tower, entrances and windows) show it to have been of great beauty; the light Gothic tower is sixty feet high, and the arch that supports it is greatly admired for the elegance and skill of its construction. The oak timber used in turning the arch is still in good preservation, after a lapse of six centuries, though much exposed to the wet.

rich plate and fine linen, handsome furniture, and well-filled money-chests.

Another sorrow, however, afflicted her not long after the loss of her husband. Her son, Donell M'Philip M'Grath (as he is styled in old records) died in his minority; but I cannot tell in what year between 1633 and 1641. The estate of Sledy, or at least a principal part, seems then to have vested in the next male heir, Pierce M'Grath (probably the brother of Philip;) but the widow still continued at the castle with her daughters, who were possessed of very large fortunes. The widow was endowed with many excellent qualities, notwithstanding the blemish on the outset of her matrimonial career; time, sorrow, and the exercise of a strong understanding, had chastened all her feelings, and her merits were universally acknowledged. She gave her daughters a good education, according to the fashion of the times, and they grew up to womanhood remarkably handsome and attractive, and had, as may well be supposed, innumerable admirers, not less on account of their beauty and accomplishments, than on account of their wealth. Tradition relates that the eldest, Margaret, was of the stately order of beauties, and had inherited the pride of her mother in her youthful days. The youngest, Mary, is said to have been a mild and winning creature; so kind, so gentle, so full of feeling, so lovable, that she was commonly called, in Irish, *Maire milis ní Philib na Tsioda*, i. e., Silken Philip's sweet Mary. The three sisters were fond of society, embracing every opportunity the neighborhood afforded of enjoying it; and they frequently visited Clonmel, which, being then, as now, a military station, the balls and parties there were enlivened by the presence of the officers.

The commotions of the seventeenth century were favorable to the gangs of outlaws who infested the rural districts, to which they were a pest and a terror, robbing and murdering by night, and taking shelter by day in bogs, or among rocks, or in the mountain recesses. The part of the county Waterford of which I write (the parish of Modelligo, in the barony of Decies without Drum) was frequented by a band of robbers, whose captain was a desperado, called in Irish, *Uaithne*, which being translatable into "Green," I shall term him by that name, for the convenience of such readers as are not gifted with the Irish tongue. This man had long and greedily desired the plunder of Sledy Castle; but all his plans for effecting an entrance were defeated by the caution of the widow, who, quite alive to the dangers of the times, kept garrison with an unrelaxing vigilance. The gate was always locked, and the keys in the lady's possession; the moat was always full, and the drawbridge never lowered without strict precaution; no ingress or egress permitted to any person whatever after nightfall; and when it happened that the matron Chatelaine was absent, a near relation, in whom she could confide, was appointed commandant for the time. To attempt swimming the moat would induce the

double risk of being drowned, or espied and shot by the sentinel; but even were it effected, it would have proved useless, as the height and narrowness of the castle windows precluded escalade. But Green was not to be diverted from his purpose by difficulties: he knew that the pillage of Sledy would amply repay time spent and pains lavished, and he determined to await his opportunity.

At this period he had established his head quarters at a "Lis"* (a circular flat green mound, surrounded by an earthen grass grown ditch) on the borders of a stream, and lying four or five miles distant from Sledy. Experience had proved to him that he had little chance of succeeding in his design upon the widow's stronghold, without the aid of domestic treachery. The servants generally were faithful, being followers or fosterers of the family. There was, however, amongst them a kitchen-maid, on whom he hoped to work through the means of love and vanity—two dangerous sentiments for a weak female head, and a base female heart. The scullion was just the fit tool for a villain, being the meanest and least-cultivated person in the household, and the furthest removed from comprehending anything of loyalty or honor. Green had among his band a son, who acted as his lieutenant—a remarkably handsome young man; him the outlaw tutored to throw himself in the way of the kitchen-maid, as she went and returned from mass, and to profess himself her lover. They met thus, young Green and the scullion, on Sundays and holydays; and the fine words and fine person of the pretended suitor gained so much on the wretched woman, that she entered into all his views, and promised to watch the first favorable opportunity for his stealing into the castle, and make it known to him by a preconcerted signal. In consequence of this agreement, Green, the elder, moved his band nearer to Sledy, for their night-quarters, establishing them about a mile from the castle, at a huge rock, called in Irish *Carrig na Chodla*, i. e., Rock of the Sleep, and popularly termed in English, "the Sleepy Rock," which is a corruption of "the Sleeping Rock"—a name given to the place by the peasantry, from the circumstance of Green taking his repose there, while his sentinels were on the watch for the promised signal from the castle. The Sleepy Rock is the chief of a group of stratified conglomerate rocks, laid bare near the summit of a hill called Eagle Hill. These rocks lie on the site of the ancient road between Clonmel and Dungarvan, and present numerous shelves and recesses, shaded by superincumbent masses, and partially clothed with tufts of heath and fern, grass and wild flowers. It is about a mile from Sledy. Upwards of three miles from the rock is a kind of pass, called the *Dhu Clee*, i. e., the Dark Fence, which seems to have been a kind of fortified road

* Properly spelled *Lios*: these mounds are frequent, and are erroneously called Danish forts; but they were the abodes of the ancient Irish, whose wattled dwellings stood in the centre. The outer ditch served as a fortification, and was often planted with hawthorn trees. "Rath" is another name for these forts.

between two woods; from thence Green's "Lis" is a mile distant.

Among the wild crags of the Sleepy Rock, the outlaws made their midnight lair beside their watch-fire. The whole district was then densely wooded, and frequented by the wolf and wild cat, the fox, badger, hedgehog, and weasel, the eagle, raven, hawk, and kite, and occasionally visited by wild geese and ducks, cranes and seagulls. All of these, except the wolf and wild cat, are still denizens or visitors of the locality. The night scene at the Sleepy Rock must have been one well suited to a pencil such as Salvator Rosa's: the dark thick woods—the savage crags—the still more savage figures grouped amongst them, round their fire, with their wild glibs of hair hanging over their faces, their pointed barrad caps, their straight *trouse*, and rude brogues, and long frieze coats, with skirts divided into four—the pistols and skein (dagger-knife) in the girdle; and over all the ample frieze cloak, of which Spencer speaks so angrily—"The Irish mantle, a fit house for an outlaw, a meet bed for a rebel, an apt cloak for a thief. * * The outlaw being, for his many crimes and villainies, banished from the towns and houses of honest men, and wandering in waste places far from danger of law, maketh his mantle his house, and under it covereth himself from the wrath of heaven, from the offence of the earth, and from the sight of men. When it raineth, it is his pent-house—when it bloweth, it is his tent—when it freezeth, it is his tabernacle." Wrapped in such serviceable mantles, the banditti at the Sleepy Rock reposed round their fire, while the wakeful sentinel kept watch for the long expected signal from their ally in the castle.

Leaving these worthies, we shall return to the fair sisters of Sledy. They had become acquainted at Clonmel with three English officers, whose names and whose rank tradition has not preserved, though one of them is said to have been a member of a noble family. The acquaintance between these officers and the young ladies soon ripened into mutual and warm attachment, which promised to terminate happily in the union of the three couples; for, upon the suitors laying their pretensions before the mother of the fair maidens, they were favorably received, and encouraged to hope for the hands of their ladye-loves. From this we may naturally infer that those military men were themselves persons of some consequence and property; for though daughters might be won by the gay trappings, and the masculine beauty and accomplishments of suitors, whose "all of wealth was love," parents (especially the parents of heiresses) are seldom so romantically inclined.

It was now the summer of the year 1641—a year unhappily memorable for the great rebellion in the month of October. Margaret, the eldest of the sisters, could not have been more than twenty, Catherine eighteen or nineteen, and "Maire milis"—the sweet Mary—about seventeen. The three officers received an invitation from the widow to become her guests at Sledy Castle, and conse-

quently they obtained leave of absence for a few days. It may well be imagined that on the day appointed for their arrival, the happy sisters "the loving, lovely, and beloved," left from time to time their now desolate bower, and tripped deftly up the stone stairs to the turret top—

"Looking afar if yet their lovers' steeds
Kept pace with their expectancy, and flew."
BYRON.

At length the expected visitors came in sight, gallantly mounted, and in military apparel, for it is but in modern times that British officers have affected to be ashamed of their distinctive garb, and escape from it into "mufti" on all occasions, as if striving to conceal their position in their country's service, like something disreputable. Whether this arises from an idea of *bon ton*, or from a decay of chivalrous feelings, it is but a sorry compliment to the service, and is one of the peculiar phases of John Bull-ism. It not being yet the fashion in the seventeenth century for English officers to disguise themselves as civilians, the guests from Clonmel appeared in their military dress*—the heavy and encumbering portions of it, the cullets and vambraces, were laid aside, but the breast-piece gleamed beneath the stout buff coat, with its deep cuffs and collar, and silver buttons; the casque shone upon the head; the broad scarf crossed the figure from shoulder to hip; the trusty belt sustained the heavy sword; the gorget protected the throat, and the iron-fingered gauntlet the hand and wrist; and the high horseman's boot, with the spur on heel, encased the leg. After each officer, rode his servant, with his master's cloak-bag and valise, or small travelling mail. The horses' hoofs clattered merrily along the road; the welcome guests, galloping onwards, soon reached the drawbridge, that was lowered in an evil hour for them, and alighted from their panting steeds, that were never to bear them more.

I leave to imagination the joyous meeting—the courtesy of the stately matron, as she did the honors of her dwelling—the pleased, but fluttered, greeting of the blushing girls, and the glow of satisfaction in the bosoms of the lovers at their reception in the home of the beloved: it seemed as though certainty were giving a pledge for happiness to hope.

While thus

"All went merry as a marriage bell"

in the state apartments, there was no lack of rude revelry and hospitality in the servants' hall. The domestics of Sledy were sedulous to offer civility to the officers' servants, and, according to their ideas, the most proper way to welcome the

* It was Charles I. who introduced some uniformity into the dress and accoutrements of the English army. In his reign, the armor worn by the cavalry consisted of *cullets*, (pieces protecting the loins, and hooked on to the cuirass behind,) the musket-proof *cuirass*, *pouldrons*, (shoulder pieces,) *vambraces* (arm pieces,) *gussets*, (heart-shaped pieces for the inside of the arms,) *gorget*, *gauntlet*, and *casque*. The infantry wore pistol-proof *corslets*, *tassets*, (flaps of armor protecting the thighs, and hooked to the corslet,) *gorget*, and *head-piece*.

strangers was to treat them to whiskey at a public-house in the vicinity of the castle; for though good cheer in plenty had been ordered for the attendants of the visitors, still the Sledy servants considered that was the property of their mistress, and hospitality required they should do something from themselves. On this festive occasion the vigilance of the widow had relaxed, and she entrusted the keys to another hand; perhaps she thought the addition of six men, trained to arms, formed so strong a reinforcement to her garrison, that she need fear nothing during their stay. A faintly-remembered tradition states that Pierce M'Grath, (the inheritor of the entailed estates after the death of the minor, Donell,) who was present at this fateful visit, was the person to whom the matron confided her keys. The Sledy servants took a private opportunity of petitioning him to permit them a short absence to "treat" their new acquaintances, engaging that the kitchen-maid would carefully attend to the drawbridge during their temporary evasion. Pierce M'Grath suffered himself to be too easily persuaded; he unlocked the gates without the knowledge of the lady. The servants cautiously lowered the drawbridge, and, under cover of the night, all stole out to the neighboring public-house, leaving behind them only the perfidious kitchen-maid, who, with an affectation of good nature, had volunteered to watch the still lowered bridge till their return. But scarcely had they departed, when she hurried up to the top of the flanking tower that adjoins the kitchen, and there displayed a light in the manner preconcerted between her and young Green. The light was but too speedily descried by the sentinel at the Sleepy Rock, and Green the elder alarmed and collected his men, and favored by the darkness, they set out silently for the betrayed castle.

The lady and her happy little party had concluded the social supper, the favorite meal of those times, but were still seated at table; and having dispensed with the restraining presence of attendants, they were at the height of a light-hearted gayety, when suddenly the sound of stealthy, yet heavy footsteps, caused them all to turn their eyes towards the door—it opened, the ladies shrieked, the officers sprang to their feet—for the doorway and the passage behind were crowded with ferocious-looking ruffians, armed to the teeth, and seeming the more terrible from their indistinctness, as but partially revealed by the light of the candles on the supper table.

The officers attempted to seize their swords, but the banditti rushing forwards, overpowered and disarmed them, forced them back into their chairs, and held pistols to their heads. Amid the angry ejaculations of the officers, the oaths and threats of the robbers, and the screams of the terrified girls, the widow recognized Green, of whom she had so often heard, and she flung herself on her knees before him, exclaiming, "Oh! Mr. Green! I know you, and I know your purpose; but I do not ask you to desist; I do not ask you to spare my property; take all—money, plate, jewels, all

—all; strip Sledy from turret to foundation, if you will—I only make one prayer to you—oh! for the love of Heaven! harm not my daughters."*

"Madam," replied the outlaw, you are worthy to have your request granted, for you bear a good name; you have been good to the poor, and kind to your tenants, and it *shall* be granted, if your guests here remain quiet, and give us no trouble—but *not* else. Hark ye, boys!" (turning to the gang, and holding out a pistol) "if the best and bravest among you, or even my own son, dares lay a hand on that lady and her daughters, so long as these soldiers are quiet, he shall receive the contents of this through his brains."

The matron tottered to her chair, surrendering all her keys at the demand of Green, who, with his men, quitted the room to begin their pillage; but first leaving his son, with some of the fiercest of the band, to stand guard over the officers, whom they reduced to passiveness less by their cocked pistols, than by their threats to fire the castle, and spare no one, if their prisoners attempted any resistance.

And where, it will be asked, was Pierce M'Grath the while? Tradition says he was present during the whole scene, but does not state that he was noticed in any way by the robbers, or that he took any active part, or even offered any remonstrance. (which, however, would have been useless,) and this neutrality proved injurious to himself in the end.

There was a silence full of dread and suspense in that room so lately resounding with cheerful voices, where now was only heard the deep breathings of the indignant officers, and the low sobs of the sisters. How might that fearful night terminate! for who could rely on the forbearance of the outlaw?

After a lapse of time that seemed interminable ages, the heavy tread of the robbers was heard approaching—they entered laden with plunder; and Green, addressing the guards whom he had left behind, said: "Come, boys! it is time to return to our quarters; we have got as much as we can carry; so come away, and bring your prisoners along with you."

At these terrible words, the shrieks of the affrighted females filled the castle; the officers struggled to release themselves, but were grasped by hands like iron vices; the lady and her daughters fell at the feet of Green and his son, imploring them to release their prisoners, and offering large ransoms, which they promised should be left at any place the bandit would appoint.

"No, madam," said Green to the widow; "remember that the *one* request you made was granted; I did not bargain for anything further; and my own safety requires that I should take charge of these Saxon soldiers."

*The address of the lady to Green, and his reply, are figments of my imagination; I give them, as nearly as possible, *verbatim*—as related to me by an aged man, (the landlord of a rustic hostelry, a few miles from Sledy,) who states himself to be descended, in the female line, from the same stock as Philip M'Grath.

Again the weeping women besought the robber ; and undertook that the officers should swear the most solemn and binding oaths of secrecy on the subject of that night's occurrences. Green was inexorable ; and at length, bursting into a rage, he swore with a tremendous oath, that if he were thus pestered any longer, he would blow out his prisoners' brains, and hold himself freed from his promise to the widow.

The threat prevailed—the officers obeyed their captors' order, to rise, and prepare to depart. In the agonizing moments of such a parting as this, there was no room for feminine reserve ; the unhappy girls fell upon the necks of their betrothed, and reciprocated the close, clasping, long embrace, as though they felt in their anguish it was too surely the last. It needed some force to divide them ; and the robbers left the apartment with their captives in the centre of the band. The half-distracted sisters flew to the door, to catch a farewell glimpse—the military ornaments of the officers gleamed for an instant in the candle-light, and disappeared—they cried after the retreating banditti to act humanely towards their prisoners—crowding steps were heard descending the stairs, and tramping heavily without. The sisters hurried breathlessly up the stone stairs of their tower, and out on the top, to look down below ; through the night gloom, they saw a dark compact mass crossing the draw-bridge ; there was a halt when it had crossed ; they heard the grating sound of a sledge, or sliding-car ; there was some struggle, some altercation—it became evident that the outlaws were forcibly placing their prisoners on the car, and binding them upon it—the struggle ceased ; the grating sound was again heard, and the heavy retreating steps—the close black mass was seen moving rapidly in the direction of the Sleepy Rock, and was soon utterly lost in the darkness.

Unspeakable indeed was the consternation of the officers' servant, on their return from the public-house with the other domestics, to find the ladies in an agony of alarm and sorrow, the castle plundered, and their masters carried off by ruthless miscreants. The kitchen-maid had disappeared. Tradition has told me nothing of her subsequent fate. Is it uncharitable to trust that it resembled that of her prototype, the traitress Tarpeia ?

That was a miserable night at Sledy ; they thought day would never dawn. At the first gleams of light the officers' servants mounted, and galloped back to Clonmel, to report their masters' misfortune to their corps. The strictest searches were instantly made, by both civil and military authorities, to discover the robbers and their prisoners ; but the former had abandoned the Sleepy Rock and the "Lis," and could not be traced ; and no ingenuity, no activity, not even the proclamation of a very large reward, availed to procure the least clue to the fate of the ill-starred officers.

For some time the sorrowing sisters tried to hope that their lovers were yet safe ; that Green had only confined them in some remote and secret

nook, till he could release them without danger to himself or his band. Though Sledy Castle had been pillaged of money, plate, and jewels, to an extent that seriously injured the family, they disregarded their loss in their anxiety for their absent friends. For hours those young girls sat watching on the turret-top ; their hearts beat audibly at the appearance of a passing stranger—was it some one coming to treat for ransom ? They started at every horse tramp—was it the lost returning ? They were in that state of imaginative dreamy hope so well described by Miss Baillie, in her beautiful drama of "The Beacon :"—

"Wished for gales the light vane veering,
Better dreams the dull night cheering,
Lighter heart the morning greeting,
Things of better omen meeting ;
Eyes each passing stranger watching,
Ears each feeble rumor catching,
Say he existeth still on earthly ground,
The absent will return, the long, long-lost be found."

At length, as days passed on, and still brought no intelligence of the missing officers, hope became weakened, and warm fancy chilled ; and the sisters began to yield to the miserable conviction that their lovers had been murdered, and buried in some secret spot that defied discovery. The search relaxed, and was then given up as hopeless. A year had now elapsed ; the civil war that had broken out in October, 1641, was raging throughout the country, and the family of Sledy were denounced by the government as rebels, on account of the outrage committed under their roof on English officers ; they were suffering afflictions in many forms. At the close of this wretched twelvemonth, a cow-herd was in search of a strayed heifer, and in the course of his researches, he came to a dark and solitary glen, watered by a stream that rises in an adjacent turf bog, and falls into the Colligan river. There, in a deep pool in the bed of the stream, he perceived some unusual appearance, went to examine it, and discovered the bodies of the three ill-fated officers, still clad in their military array. He hastened off at once to Clonmel, declared his discovery to the authorities, and claimed the promised reward. A detachment was sent to the spot, from the garrison of Clonmel, guided by the cow-herd, to remove and examine the bodies, which being but little decayed,* were still capable of complete identification ; and it was also clearly discernible that they had been barbarously murdered, but the particulars of the crime have never transpired. The bodies were removed, and consigned to a consecrated grave with due rites and honors ; and the part of the stream where the mortal remains were found, is called to this day, *Ath na Soighidiura*, i. e., "the Soldiers Ford." It lies a mile from the "Lis" of Green, and upwards of six miles from Sledy. In its vicinity are two other places, still bearing names derived from some connection with the tragedy of Sledy Castle :

*Bogs have a preservative power over animal matter, and the rivulet above mentioned is a bog stream.

they are, *Cnoc Bhron*, i. e., "the Hill of Sorrow;" and *Muin na riagh*, i. e., "the Bog of Penance;" but the particulars of the reason why so named are forgotten. It is, believed, however, that at the bog, after the discovery of the murdered men, the servants of Sledy performed some penance for the act of levity and disobedience which had given rise to so much crime and so much suffering; and of the hill it can but be conjectured, in the silence of tradition, that the sisters made some mournful pilgrimage to weep and pray at the spot where their betrothed had lain so long unburied, and had sat down on that hillock to rest in the weariness of their sorrow. Not having been able myself to visit those scenes, I will give the description of them in the words of a gentleman resident near them, to whom I am indebted for much local information. Of "the Soldier's Ford," he says—"This sequestered spot is at the eastern side of Druid Mount. Here, where a large conglomerate rock still occupies the bed of the Moonaree stream, an ancient passage, which the eye may still define, crossed the ford, leading to Carrick-on-Suir and Cloonmel. On the left bank of the ford stands a huge round boulder stone, based on the rock before named, and crowned with a beautiful tuft of blooming heather. Here the mountain-valley narrows quickly to a rocky glen, upon which the beetling hills to the east scowl darkly, as if in horror of its awful secret. The stream, too, frets and wanders mournfully along its stony bed, as if under similar influence, instead of rushing and roaring in all the joyous strength of its youth, now revelling in deep pools, anon gambolling wildly over foaming falls, as the old herdsman say it formerly did, which we may well believe from the traces of its frantic sport still visible. A saunter through this glen would afford much satisfaction to the lover of geology, as a dozen varieties of stone may be seen at almost every step. 'The Hill of Sorrow' (about three quarters of a mile from the ford) is very stony, and covered with grass and heath; its south-east side rising rather abruptly, seems likely to have afforded shelter for a *shieling*, or hut of some kind. 'The Bog of Penance' lies beneath the hillock, (at a quarter of a mile distance,) and is a large, hollow amphitheatre, surrounded on all sides by picturesque hills, except at the south side, where a small stream, rising in its centre, discharges itself, and is thence called the Moonaree stream. The bog is a superior turbary of about one hundred acres, and has a depth of twelve feet of turf in some places. This was evidently a forest in ancient times."

Of Green and his comrades I have been unable to learn anything certain. Some assert that they escaped safely out of the country; others maintain that they were hunted down, and exterminated—some of them being shot, and others captured and hanged.

The tragedy of Sledy Castle, occurring as it did at the fatal era of 1641, gave rise to very serious charges against the M'Grath family. The outrage

committed on royalist officers within the castle, in the presence of its owners, and by the treachery of the household, who not only afforded ingress to the assassins, but previously lured away the attendants of the victims, leaving the latter no helper in the hour of danger—the gates being unlocked by Pierce M'Grath himself—his non-interference, though the atrocity was proceeding before his eyes—a neutrality which was attributed not to dread of the ruffians, but to acquiescence with them—his own personal immunity—the horse and sledge which dragged the victims to the slaughter having been supplied from the offices of the castle—all these facts appeared condemnatory to the authorities engaged in the investigation, who considered the servants of Sledy and the outlaws as acting in concert with the heads of the family. It also appeared, in the course of examination, that on the day of the officers' arrival, the steward of Sledy was riding near Green's "Lis," when he was met by the robber, who asked was there anything new at the castle! The steward, whom perhaps fear compelled to appear civil, replied that three English officers had come to Sledy, and it was thought they would be married to the young ladies: he added, that he was then going to the wood of Graigue-na-gower to make some provision for the evening's entertainment. As he turned to depart, he heard Green say to a companion—"Then will *Uaithne* avenge himself on the soldiers of the *Sassenach*, (Saxon,) and rescue from them the fair daughters of Morya Philip," i. e., Mary Philip, for so the widow of Philip M'Grath was popularly called in Irish. It was asked why did the steward, after hearing this, permit the servants to leave the castle! No allowance was made for any plea of inadvertence, accident, or intimidation; all extenuating points were overlooked; the grief of the sisters was disregarded; the pillage of the castle was either disbelieved, or considered as got up by collusion for effect. Those were the days of passion and prejudice on all sides; and the whole occurrence was held to be a piece of deliberate treachery for the destruction of servants of the English crown, and was consequently adjudged to be an act of treason and rebellion. A decree of forfeiture went forth against the M'Graths, which affected all their property; the estates vested in Pierce, the widow's jointure lands, her daughters' inheritance, all were confiscated, and apportioned out by the government among strangers.

The lady and her children, on their expulsion from their residence, retired to a very humble cottage, little more than half a mile from the castle, and still in existence, though in a state of decay. They were reduced to a very low ebb of fortune, and were just saved from pauperism by some small resources, the fruit of the matron's former good management, which she now preserved from the general wreck; and they lived in their altered circumstances with a pious resignation, and an unostentatious exercise of virtues, that gave dignity to misfortune. Although they naturally led a life of great retirement, they were not forgotten.

and the fame of the sisters' beauty was enhanced by the admirable manner in which they sustained their trials. Part of the Sledy estate had fallen to the lot of the Osborne family, the head of which was Sir Richard Osborne, who had come over from England early in the seventeenth century, was created a baronet in 1629, and had acquired considerable property in various parts of the kingdom. His son, who became the second Sir Richard Osborne, (but not till long after the date of our narrative,) inspired with the generous wish of restoring one of the innocent sufferers of Sledy to a share of her lost affluence, resolved, with a rare disinterestedness, to seek a wife amid the impoverished but still respected family. And now I have to relate a most curious and unique wooing, in the recounting of which I shall indulge in no flights of fancy, but will, as nearly as possible, *verbatim*, "tell the tale as 'twas told to me," by an aged man, who had received it from his mother, a relative of the M'Graths.

One morning, soon after sunrise, Mr. Osborne, attended by a single servant, set out from his residence at Cappagh, near Dungarvan, on his errand, and directed his course towards Curach-na-Sledy. When he approached the end of his ride, he sent his attendant to wait for him at an appointed place, and proceeded alone to the cottage that now sheltered the last M'Graths of Sledy Castle. It was just breakfast hour when he arrived there, and drew his rein; and the matron herself came out to the door, to invite him to dismount and enter.

"I thank you, madam, for your courtesy," he replied; "but I may not alight or enter till I know if I shall be a welcome guest. It is my ambition to be the husband of one of your daughters, but I come to woo as a plain man, in all sincerity, and without holiday phrases. Suffer me to prefer my suit to your eldest daughter in my own brief way—a few simple words will settle all. If I am accepted, it will then be fitting time for me to enter your habitation, but not before."

The widow smiled, but indulged the suitor in his eccentric fancy; and reëntering, she persuaded her daughter Margaret to appear to their visitor, and hear him. And he at once made the offer of his hand, simply, but earnestly and politely, declaring how happy and how much honored he should feel by her acceptance.

Margaret listened with downcast eyes and a pensive countenance; perhaps her thoughts reverted mournfully to the day when she was wooed and won by her murdered lover, and she felt that she could not so soon be unfaithful to his memory. When her new suitor awaited her reply, an expression of pride came over her countenance, and she drew herself up with all her natural stateliness in a manner that augured ill for his success. Firmly, but not ungraciously, she declined his proposal, alleging that blighted as her fortunes had been, she could not endure to enter his family a portionless bride. She had too much delicacy to allude to her former unfortunate engagement, or to urge any personal objection; but it is asserted that she

afterwards acknowledged to her friends, that she refused Mr. Osborne because he was but a "new man" in the country.*

"I have sinned but ill," said the gallant to the matron, when her daughter had retired; "yet, my desire of marrying into your family remains the same. Permit me an audience of your second daughter; perhaps I may be more successful with her."

The widow, who appreciated the value of the connection to her unprotected girls, complied, and led forward her daughter Catherine, to whom the gentleman addressed himself in much the same terms as he had used to her sister. But whether it was that Catherine's heart still retained too lively an impression of her soldier-lover—or that she was hurt at the want of etiquette in her present suitor, she likewise negatived his offer in nearly the same words as Margaret had spoken.

"Well, madam," observed the rejected wooer, "this is but sorry encouragement to a further essay, yet I have one remaining chance; allow me to try it with your youngest daughter."

The lady acquiesced, and presented Mary, who was addressed by the persevering gallant as her sisters had been. Mary was of an affectionate and grateful disposition, and apparently she thought she could more easily conduce to her mother's comfort as the wife of a wealthy man, whose disinterestedness demanded her gratitude, than as a helpless mourner over the irretrievably lost. She listened to the proposal with varying blushes, signs of good omen that had not appeared on her sisters' cheeks; and when the speaker had concluded, with all grace, and gentleness, and modesty, she accepted his proffered hand. Then, instantly springing from his horse, he caught her in his arms, and ratified the treaty with an energetic salute; thus terminating his suit as uncereimoniously as he had commenced it. "And now in to breakfast," said he, "since I can enter in the character that I wished—that of one of your family." And he gallantly led in his promised bride.

What a strange courtship! how antipodal to Sir Charles Grandison's ceremonious proposals for Miss Harriet Byron, that our grand-dams delighted to peruse, with all the bowings, and the speeches, and the leadings in and out of the Cedar Parlor, and preliminaries, and references to grandsires, and guardians, and aunts, and uncles. Yet, the straightforward Osborne courtship on horseback, eccentric though it be, has in it so much of *bon hommie*, that though it raises a smile, it leaves a favorable impression—it reminds us of Shakespeare's delineation of Henry the Fifth's blunt wooing of Catharine of France. "I know no ways to mince in love, but directly to say, I love you; then, if you urge me farther than to say, do you in faith! I wear out my suit. Give me your

* If tradition errs not in assigning this reason for Margaret M'Grath's refusal, the murdered officer, who was said to have been of noble family, must have been the one who was her accepted lover.

answer, faith do! and so clap hands, and a bargain. How say you, lady?"

After "sweet Mary" became the wife of the wealthy Osborne, she had ample opportunities of indulging her natural benevolence; and to this day the country people dwell with fondness on many traditional anecdotes of her munificence and her charities, which were so unbounded, that her husband was often obliged to limit her powers of bestowing, otherwise her generosity would have exceeded even his ample means. She was often known to empty to the last grain the meal bins of the household, to feed the hungry, and to denude herself of part of her apparel during her walks, to clothe the naked who crossed her path. It is related of her, that in her affectionate zeal to give her mother consequence, she prevailed on her husband to pass to his Sledy tenantry receipts for their rents, in the name of her parent, in order to preserve for her a semblance of her authority, and a shadow of her former rights to deck her fallen fortunes.

In some time after Mary's marriage, Margaret M'Grath became the wife of a gentleman of her own country, and of sufficiently long standing to satisfy her pride of pedigree. She is remembered as a religious woman; and I have been shown by her descendants, a silver chalice which she caused to be made for the celebration of private masses in her house. Round the base is the following inscription:—"Margaretha Cragh, uxor Joannis Power de Clashmore, Equitis, me fieri fecit in honorem sanctæ Trinitatis, Beataque V. Mariæ, A. D., 1668."*

The remaining sister, Catherine, was also married, but to whom I am unable to say with any certainty. To the romantic and sentimental it will appear, no doubt, quite a spoiling of the legend that the sisters should have ever married, after the tragical fate of their first loves. But they were very young when that melancholy circumstance took place; allowance must be made for the elasticity of the youthful mind, and for the healing powers of time. Besides, there are often amiable as well as valid reasons for second love; and it is creditable to the good feeling of those young girls, that their affections could be conciliated by the rare disinterestedness of those who sought them for their intrinsic worth alone, after they had lost the usually more prized gifts of fortune.

Sledy Castle was left deserted from the time of the forfeiture, and it fell to ruin by slow degrees. Occasionally some poor, houseless person took up his abode, unpermitted, yet unforbidden, among the empty chambers. The last lonely dweller there was a country schoolmaster, about seventy years ago, when the castle was much more perfect than at present; he taught his ragged scholars in the kitchen, but chose for his own use a room on the upper floor. He was the descendant of some

old follower of the M'Graths, whose former greatness was his favorite theme. He wrote a book, being a kind of chronicle of that family,* and containing a great deal of local history, and some curious information, which tradition has now dropped from her loosened grasp. Some gentlemen of that period, who had seen the manuscript, were anxious it should be published; and the schoolmaster made several efforts to get it printed at Clonmel, (Dublin was then beyond the reach of men in his humble sphere,) but he was unsuccessful—that was not the age of literary enterprise, especially in Ireland. I have been unable to learn what became of the MS. after the death of its writer; but, as the Irish peasantry, in general, have great respect for manuscripts, especially if relating to old families, or to the histories of their own counties, it is, probably, still extant among the country-people; unless, indeed, it perished amid the commotions of 1798.

After the schoolmaster's decease, Sledy Castle remained wholly deserted, and progressing in decay. Short, indeed, had been the period of its palmy state; from the completion of the building, to the day of its desolation, by the decree of forfeiture, it had scarce numbered fully twice seven years. The ancient family of the M'Graths has passed away—their place knoweth them no more—their lands are held by other lords—their strongholds and mansions are in ruins—their very name has now but a legendary existence—

"Omnia tempus edax depascitur, omnia carpit;
Omnia sede movit, nil sinit esse diu."

* The Irish, in the elder times, were very fond of preserving pedigrees, and writing family chronicles. Various books of this kind are still extant, in MS., written by the hereditary bards and annalists of ancient races, e. g., "The Book of the O'Kellys of Hy-Maine," (a district that comprised the present county of Galway, and part of Roscommon,) compiled for that family, in whose hands it remained till 1757. Amongst a variety of other matter, it contains pedigrees and accounts of the chief races, derived from Nial of the Nine Hostages; a list of the princes of Hy-Maine, from Ceallach, the great ancestor of the O'Kellys, down to 1427; pedigrees of the principal families of Ulster; filiations of the races descended from Heber; many historical poems, &c. "The Book of Fermoy," containing accounts of the possessions of the Roches of Fermoy, with some historical tracts. "The Book of the O'Duigenans, or Annals of Kilonan," a family chronicle of the M'Dermotts, compiled by the O'Duigenans, hereditary historians of Kilonan. It begins at A. D. 1014, and ends at A. D. 1571. This work was supposed to be lost; but an imperfect copy was discovered by John O'Donovan, and is now in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. There is (or was) a "Book of Kilonan," a different work, being a chronicle of events written by the clergy of Kilonan church, and commencing at A. D. 900. "The Book of Ballymote," written under the patronage of Tomaltach M'Donagh, (chief of a district now comprised in Sligo, Leitrim, and part of Roscommon,) at his residence, Ballymote, containing, amongst a mass of other matter, pedigrees of the ancient families of Ireland—as the Hy-Briuin Heremonians, the O'Connors, Clan-Colla, &c. Early in the 17th century, Muireadach O'Daly wrote a poem on the Fitzgerald family, recording both the chief and the minor branches—the name of the head of each tribe that branched off from the main stock—the principal actions of the family—the castles, abbeys, and monasteries, they built, &c. At the same period, Mac Bruodin, hereditary poet of the O'Gormans, wrote a poem on that family, tracing their pedigree, and showing the tribes that sprang from the same root.

* "Margaret Cragh, wife of John Power, of Clashmore, knight, caused me to be made in honor of the Holy Trinity, and of the blessed Virgin Mary, in the year of our Lord 1668."

From Sharpe's Magazine.

VISIT TO THE CENTRAL TELEGRAPHIC STATION.

WE have seldom experienced more gratification in a visit to a scientific exhibition than we have derived from the inspection of the new building and telegraphic arrangements of the Electric Telegraph Company. The central telegraph station is in a position well known to those whose daily avocations lead them into the regions of wealth in the heart of the metropolis. It presents itself with a bold architectural front at the bottom of a *cul-de-sac*, known as Founder's Court, Lothbury; but its position will be more readily recognized by our informing the reader that it is just at the back of the Bank of England, and is surrounded by all the private repositories of wealth with which that plot of ground is so thickly studded. From the fact that the court or alley at whose termination the station stands is not more than twelve or thirteen feet in width, little room was left for architectural display. Notwithstanding this disadvantage, the façade, though simple, has an imposing aspect, and the massive doorway, and handsome electric clock above, illuminated at night, are sufficiently striking objects to arrest attention, even in those domains where men rush along with an energy and speed themselves akin to the electrical. The pregnant words, "Central Telegraph Station," sculptured in bold letters above, inform us that here man's triumph over time and distance is practically demonstrated.

On entering, we found ourselves in a noble hall, whose elegant proportions and light effect are equalled by few public edifices of a similar kind. It is lit by a massive skylight roof, crossed by large beams transversely and longitudinally, so as to leave vacant spaces, which are glazed by large thick sheets of ground glass. The ornaments descend even to the minutest details; rich flowers, pendants, spirals, and elegant mouldings, appear in their appropriate places, with a profuseness one is almost inclined to call extravagant, were it not that, remembering the diminished frontage, allowance is to be made for a highly embellished interior. At the east and western ends of this wall, a handsome screen divides the space devoted to general business, from the counters and correspondence offices. Four Doric pillars supporting the gallery at each end form the lower division, and four Corinthian pillars the upper, of this screen. The counters to which the messages to be transmitted are brought, are beneath the gallery at each end. The counters on the west side are for correspondence with the northern and western districts; those on the east side with the eastern and southern districts. Immediately behind the counters are four large windows, on which the names of the districts corresponded with are painted in black letters, and arranged in alphabetical order, so that the applicant is at once directed by his eye to the proper place for despatching his message. Before leaving the hall and entering upon the sci-

entific portion of our subject, we may stop to admire the general effect of the interior. The elegant rows of pillars and pilasters, painted so as narrowly to resemble porphyry in the lower story, and veined marble in the upper, are in glittering contrast with the very delicate green with which the walls are colored. Two massively supported galleries run round the upper portion, on the lower of which a tasteful rail supports a number of gas-lights. The trusses supporting these galleries are richly ornamented, and give the idea of great solidity to the structure they uphold. On the ground-floor, immediately opposite the entrance, is a handsome apartment, not yet completed, called the "Subscribers' Room;" and on the wall is a colossal map of England, streaked in a perplexing manner with a large number of red lines, showing the present extent and ramification of the electric telegraph lines belonging to the company. Two electric clocks, made by Mr. Bain, are placed on the wall opposite the entrance, the upper one being of very costly workmanship. The entire length of this noble structure is about seventy feet; its breadth about thirty-eight feet. The offices for carrying on the business of the company, the electric correspondence, &c., are conveniently arranged at the eastern and western extremities, and consist of a series of capacious apartments, admirably designed for carrying on a very large amount of business, and each having an electric clock, indicating London railway time, as is the case throughout the lines now.

Let us now descend into the vaults. As we went down, the hot air of the ventilating furnaces, the glare of the fires and gas-light, the bustle of workmen busy in completing the fitting-up of the lower offices, gave us a peculiar impression not easy to be conveyed in words. Passing several convenient but unimportant rooms, we were conducted into a small apartment containing the galvanic batteries for the service of the North-western line. On each side of these rooms are four shelves, upon which the batteries are placed; of these there are four pairs on each shelf, so that when in full work this room would contain sixty-four batteries of twenty-four pairs of plates each! The batteries are on the old and imperfect system, consisting of mahogany troughs lined with marine glue; the metals, copper and zinc plates, acted on by dilute sulphuric acid in sand. For equability or power they are not to be compared with some of the more recent improvements. We are persuaded that when the company is in full operation, expedition will necessitate some better source of motive influence than these. The wires proceeding from these instruments run along the side of the wall to the end of the room, where they are collected and conveyed up to the conversing apparatus of the building. Each battery is lettered and numbered, and the wires also. In fact, were it not for some contrivance of the kind, the smallest derangement would stop the whole business of the building. From hence, after wondering at the rude and simple source of that swift and silent

tongue, which, while we were examining the batteries, was delivering an express message at Birmingham, we were shown past two fiery furnaces into a larger vault. This apartment is fitted to contain a very large number of galvanic batteries. Shelf above shelf, battery after battery, stand there, each performing its part in this noble undertaking. Attendants are constantly engaged in supplying different parts of the apparatus with fresh acid, and in keeping all at the proper working intensity; earthen vessels, something like the old-fashioned china coffee-pots, being used for containing and supplying the acid and water. The batteries in this apartment are for the service of the apparatus speaking with all the other districts not supplied by the first. We have thus seen the electro-vocal organs of the metropolis by which she addresses her far-distant children in "merrie England," or her northern rivals, Edinburgh and Glasgow.

We were next ushered into a long vault lit by gas from the roof, along which tubes and pipes run in perplexing numbers to different parts of the building. A long, curious-looking oaken box, divided into three divisions, and connected with a square narrow trough, which we lost in the distance, was fixed on the wall. Just above the centre of it, an open pipe appears, from whence issues a stream of wires, which, flowing into the long box, divides into a multitude of single fibres, each connected with a brass peg at the upper part of the box. These are the nerves of thought; rather, we should say, for the transmission of thought, from, and conversely to, the cities and hamlets of Britain.

What a subject for admiration is this! What messages of life and death, of poverty and wealth, of health and disease, of success and ruin, of prosperous voyages and disastrous shipwrecks, fly along these wires! What messages of swift justice overtaking plunder and crime! What whispers of suspicion—what news of gloom—what vast commercial intelligences, dart along them to their distant destination! And the wonder is, all this while the metal channels give no outward sign of their office. Surely, thought we, here is Fame's trumpet—an iron pipe full of galvanic wires! But to descend into detail.

This box is called the "test box." The row of brass pegs at the top are connected, as has been seen, with the country wires; the row at the bottom, with a corresponding number of wires called the "house wires," which run from the box along the trough before mentioned, and thence spread out to supply the different machines on each side of the building. The connection between the upper pegs and the lower, that is, between the metropolis and the country, is by means of brass-loops, which go over one peg at the top and its fellow at the bottom; thus securing continuity of the current. A little incident which occurred during our presence in this apartment will indicate the utility of this apparatus. It had been signalled that a certain No. 11 wire was weak; this wire

was laid down to a post in the Waterloo road. Thither a man was despatched, to endeavor to get at it and put it in repair; meanwhile, a little instrument called the "detector" was attached to the No. 11 wire peg in the box. After some delay, the wire was discovered, and instantly the needle of the "detector" deflected; the defect was remedied, and all went on as before.

The wires from the termini of the several railways connected with this company, being properly coated so as to secure their isolation, are conveyed along the streets in pipes underneath the pavement, the laying down of which must have been an enormous expense. Thus converging from all England, they enter a pipe which, running up the court, pierces the wall of the vault, and there pours forth its wonderful contents into the "test box," and from thence, by the connecting links, to the telegraphic apparatus. The large number of twenty-seven come from the North-western railway alone, in consequence of the highly important districts with which it is in connection; nine from the South-western; nine from the South-eastern; nine from the Eastern Counties; nine from the branch office in the Strand, and from Windsor; nine from the Admiralty; and nine are labelled in the test-box "Waste," intended to meet future demands, or casualties. Arrangements are not yet quite complete with a few of the railways, which still continue to reserve the use of their telegraphic lines to themselves; but, doubtless, these will shortly be effected, and thus every town of importance will have its own voice to the common ear of this great city.

Before quitting the vaults, we could not help smiling to ourselves as we noticed the familiar manner in which the men employed by the company both spoke of and dealt with the delicate and intricate duties committed to them. We have often been struck with the fact, that be the project ever so scientific, and let it demand from the meanest servant engaged in its execution ever so much intellect and tact, the mechanics and working-men of Great Britain will always readily supply the need out of their ranks. We confess that a jolly, good-humored-looking fellow, who would from outward aspect have made a capital brick-layer or farmer's laborer, speaking of the electric "wires," of "lead-contact," and "earth-contact," of "indicators," and "deflections," afforded us as pleasant a subject for thought as we have had for many a day. And a great comfort it is to reflect, to those who can take comfort out of the advancing intelligence of their humbler countrymen, that it is neither manner nor outside which makes the nineteenth century man.

Emerging at length, after this minute survey, from these heated and bustling regions, we shall now have the pleasure of conducting the reader with us consecutively through the remaining business in hand. We are once more in the spacious hall. A gentleman rushes in, posthaste, eagerly asks for the Birmingham counter, hastens there, and, seizing a pen, calls for the proper form for

sending an important message instant to that town. He rapidly, and in a few words as possible, writes his message, when it appears in the following form:—

The Electric Telegraph Company. To BIRMINGHAM.

To the Clerk of the Central Station.

SIR—Please send the following uninsured message upon the terms above expressed.—A. B.

| | | |
|-----------|----------------|----------|
| Number — | | Charges. |
| Subject — | Message . . . | — — — |
| | Answer . . . | — — — |
| | Porterage . . | — — — |
| | Cab-hire . . . | — — — |

| | | | |
|------------------|-------------|-------|---|
| From | To | Total | £ |
| Place.—London. | Birmingham. | | |
| Name.—“A. B.” | | | |
| Address.—“D. C.” | | | |

The message.

“A clerk of Z. & Co., Bankers, has just been robbed of £5,000 in bank notes. Suspicion falls upon a man dressed — named —, who has left Euston Square Station by express at 12 this day. Stop him at Birmingham.”

Forthwith flies the paper into an office behind the counter, called the “translating office.” As this message relates to a felony, it is left in its original language, put into a pigeon-hole by the translating clerk, who then touches an alarm ringing in a room above. Up goes the paper with a winch, and it has now reached the hands of the telegraphist. Leaving the gentleman to pace the hall in feverish expectation of the answer, let us follow the paper upstairs. Long before we can arrive at the proper machine for Birmingham, the paper is there before us, and the telegraphist, sticking it on a couple of hooks at one side of the apparatus, was already actively employed in calling to his fellow at Birmingham to be on the alert for the message; then swiftly working the two handles* to and fro, with a rapidity to us quite astonishing, while the vibrating needles quivered and danced in all possible ways, the important news flew down the wires until it was completely rendered. The Birmingham telegraphist, in order to ensure the correctness of the message, repeats it to his fellow in London. Then comes the answer—

“He shall be stopped.”

It is entered on a similar form to the foregoing, put into the box, wound down stairs, and handed to our anxious friend, who, after liquidating the charges, hastens away to his employers to devise means for recovering the stolen property. At the bottom of each form are the following words:—

| | | |
|-------|----------------|---------|
| Date. | { Entered | } By me |
| | { Commenced at | |
| | { Finished at | |

These particulars are all duly entered into books kept for the purpose, corresponding in fact to the

* The Electro-Magnetic Telegraphs are on Cooke and Wheatstone's principle.

day-book of a tradesman. Thus a constant register is kept of messages sent, and of the exact time consumed in transmitting them.

We have mentioned the words “translating office.” This is a department in which, for expedition's sake, the messages are converted into electric language, or in other words are put into the code of the company. But commercial messages chiefly are those which are thus abbreviated, such as ship lists, share lists, prices current, prices of corn, &c. We asked one of the telegraphists at what rate per minute the words of a message were transmitted. He answered that he had signalled so many as ten words in a minute, but that the average was four or five. Of course, therefore, the speed with which a message is sent varies according to the quantity of words it contains; and we may add, the charges have the same variability. We were also informed that the average amount of work done by one machine connected with the North-western lines equals 1,500 words in a day. Much, however, of this business is the “express” intelligence continually sent to and fro, for the supply of the “subscription rooms” of the company.

By the kindness of the obliging superintendant we were allowed to put one or two of their machines to the test. We therefore wished for a little conversation with Southampton. It was a bitterly cold morning in town, and we had had a slight fall of snow, so that our first question with our invisible correspondent was whether it was snowing at Southampton just then? Before we had time to think of the probable answer, the message was up, “No.” “Had any steamers left port this morning?” With the same celerity came back the instantaneous “No.” We then asked our Southampton friend to ring the bell of the machine before our eyes? The first reply was not so quick as usual. He was asked to do so again, and in four seconds the tinkle of the apparatus was heard! We had some curiosity to know the state of the weather also at Norwich, and proceeding to that machine, we put the same question, and with equal speed received the same answer. We were surprised at the expertness of the telegraphists, many of whom were mere youths of fifteen or sixteen; and could not help wondering at the facility with which they read off the (to us unintelligible) quiverings of a couple of blue needles. The other night the case we have imagined above really took place; a message was sent from Manchester to the following effect. “A woman named — dressed — has left Manchester for London by the night train, having eloped with a man named — dressed — and they have with them certain chests (described) which are stolen. Stop them at the Euston Square Station.” A policeman was despatched to the station, and the unsuspecting pair were seized by the long and strong arms of the law. That such messages are far from uncommon, we ourselves were witness to, as we were permitted to read several which were in process of transmission, some of which were relative to

commercial frauds of an extensive description. A curious illustration of the value of the invention occurred whilst we were in the building. An important trial was going on at Liverpool that day: its success actually depended upon some legal papers which were in London. A message had been sent the preceding day from Liverpool requesting that they should be immediately sent down. We presume they had not arrived, for whilst we were there, came up a hasty message from Liverpool, saying, "The papers have not arrived: what are we to do?" Other messages were, "Sell 100 Brightons at —." "Send up pots as per order;" and many more which forcibly demonstrated the immense influence the telegraph is destined to exert upon the conditions of social and commercial transactions. We left this floor, wondering at an invention which in the course of a few seconds enabled us to converse with places so widely remote as Norwich and Southampton. Attendance is given during the night, as well as during the daytime, and intelligence is forever flying to and from the great metropolis, indifferently by day and by night.

It may be asked, But are all these advantages within reach of all classes? Are not the charges so exorbitant as to confine the benefits to a few? We believe the answer we have to record will at once gratify and surprise the reader. The printed charges are as follows:—For a message under twenty words—to Birmingham, 6s. 6d.; Southampton, 5s. 6d.; Liverpool, 8s. 6d.; Manchester, 8s. 6d.; Edinburgh, 13s.; Glasgow, 14s. We are justified in stating that these prices, always remembering the costly corps of clerks, the original outlay, wear and tear, &c., are really very moderate. Would the dutiful son send a message of love to a sick parent, or an absent husband to an anxious wife, surely, five, six, or seven shillings is a sum that would be cheerfully given for the relief of such a message. And we cannot help feeling gratified that when, from the exclusive nature of their means of intelligence, it would have been easy to have asked and obtained a very large sum for the use of it, the truer and more honorable policy of moderation has been observed. The number of towns to which the wires of the company have access is at present about sixty. The extent of wires in miles, 2,500. The number of telegraphists in the metropolitan station, fifty-seven; and the number of men actually employed by the company, upwards of one thousand.

The arrangement of the machines on the first and second floor is precisely similar. The sides of the building devoted to this purpose are divided into three or four compartments, where the desks for entering the messages are placed in the recesses, while the half-partitions contain the square tubes up and down which the papers are conveyed. Close by each partition is the apparatus, placed on a table at a convenient height for the signal-clerks to operate on them. The wires enter each story by one or two tubes which proceed up to the ceiling, and there give exit to a large number of

wires which run along the ceiling, and at each partition descend to supply the machines. Just before entering the instrument, each wire is properly numbered, the numbers corresponding to those in the "test-box" before seen. We were delighted with the beautiful order thus necessitated; truly here there is "a place for everything and everything is in its place." We believe the whole of these arrangements are those of Mr. Holmes, the talented head of the office; and if we may look on them as expositions of his mind, we think it safe to affirm that ingenuity and method of no common character are its principal traits. The solid oak and mahogany fittings of these rooms convey an impressive idea of the unsparing liberality which has attended the construction of the entire building. This may be looked upon as the result of a well-founded conviction, that a work of long-lasting utility is here to be carried on.

At the top of the building is carried on a process of communicating intelligence in a wholesale manner, second only in ingenuity to the telegraphic apparatus itself: this is the *electrical printing machine* invented by the ingenious Mr. Bain. We were first shown a number of upright posts, on the top of which was placed a little punch acting with a spring. Paper cut into slips of a certain size is passed under these punches, and is thereby cut into holes and spaces apparently in the most confused manner. This paper is then rolled round a cylinder of metal, which is placed in electrical connection with another cylinder at Birmingham or elsewhere. A little spring presses the perforated paper on the first cylinder, and it is made to revolve; as often as the spring touches the cylinder through the little holes, electric contact is made with the Birmingham cylinder, which is again broken by the unperforated portion of the paper; and so on alternately contact is made and broken, the electric current is sent or stayed, to perform its recording duties at Birmingham. At the latter place is a similar mechanical arrangement, only that on the cylinder a strip of paper is placed, which has been previously dipped in a solution of prussiate of potash and sulphuric acid. Now the consequence of the successive arrival and intermission of the electrical currents is, that dark green dots, spaces, or lines are marked on the paper, corresponding to the strokes of electricity received by it. We had the gratification of examining one of these printed slips, and the following was its appearance as it issued from the electric press:—

He must be a magician indeed, thought we, who can make head or tail of this "proof." However like all other difficult enigmas, it has an easy solution. These dots and dashes represent letters, each letter having a certain number or combination

of them to represent it. The celerity with which this printing by electricity is carried on only finds a parallel in the facility with which it is perused by the learned in this language. It is stated that one thousand letters a minute are readily printed at stations hundreds of miles apart. Thus important intelligence—a queen's speech for example—as soon as ever the type is cut, can be printed with unexampled swiftness at Edinburgh, Glasgow, or any equally remote station. We may well ask, can the "force of human invention further go?" We were much amused with the tiny fount, so to call it, and lilliputian reading-desk of our electric compositors. We could have covered the whole machine for type-cutting with our hat!

The whole building is abundantly supplied with gas-light, much of which, in consequence of deficient opportunities for natural light, is burning all day long. It becomes, therefore, very necessary to carry off the foul air thus generated, which is done by the use of the ingenious and elegant lamps invented by Faraday. With one or two exceptions, the invention appears to succeed to perfection; but the present unfinished state of the building explains the causes of the exceptions. The structure is warmed by hot air; but in this particular there is room for improvement. At the top, on a level with the roof, the architect has found space for a series of rooms devoted to the engineer and superintendent's private uses. The architect was Mr. Hunt.

We have a word or two of remark to make upon the manner in which the business is to be conducted, before we conclude. The room called the "Subscribers' Room" is intended for the use of subscribers to the amount of two guineas per annum. Each day, expresses from different towns will show the state of the markets, or will communicate any news of importance to the gentlemen subscribing. There is also the proposed advantage of the use of a code of private signals, by means of which they can communicate with their correspondents in language intelligible only to themselves. We venture to prophesy a tremendous list of subscriptions among our city friends. We may here also mention that the Admiralty has now an uninterrupted communication between their

department in Whitehall and the dockyards at Portsmouth. It is said that 1200*l.* a year is the sum paid for this valuable convenience. We presume it is generally known that the post office adopts a plan of insurance upon certain valuable letters. We were at first in some surprise at the expressions "Insured," and "Uninsured," messages by the electric telegraph. It was thus explained; that in consequence of the repeated transmission of commercial messages, in which mistakes would be of the most serious consequence—as, for example, if the message ran "Sell one hundred railway shares at—" and it was sent "Sell one thousand," &c.—it became expedient to charge a small percentage, by which the company would make themselves responsible for any mistakes up to 1000*l.* The insurance only amounts to 2*s.* 6*d.* per cent., and remains at the same sum per cent. for any amount above that sum. When an ordinary message of any consequence is sent, it is always advisable to have it repeated, by its being sent back from the station at which it is to be received. This security may be had upon payment of half the charge for the transmission. Of course there can be no insurance against delay from accidental derangements of the telegraphic apparatus; but these must always be very rare occurrences, as a number of spare wires have been laid down to meet such contingencies. The arrangements for the full performance of *public* business are not yet quite completed, as the building has only been open since the beginning of January.

We felt on leaving, that we were quitting the future post office of the metropolis; and the splendid building in St. Martin's le Grand had no more charms for us, after its smaller but most formidable competitor in Lothbury. We had seen the giant of our age. Heartily do we congratulate science on her bloodless victories, on her glorious triumphs over ignorance, apathy, superstition, distance, and time! Heartily do we praise Him from whom every good and perfect gift for the amelioration of the condition of mankind proceeds. And very heartily do we pray that the time be not far distant when all the earth shall be pervaded by these wonder-doing, civilizing instruments.

MADAME CATALANI.—Mr. Gardiner, of Leicester, in his work, "Sights in Italy," lately published, gives an account of a visit paid by him to this celebrated lady a few months ago, at Florence. "We called," he says, "upon Madame Catalani, who leaves her palazzo on the side of the mountains in the winter months to reside with her son Volabreque, in Florence. She presently made her appearance with that vivacity and captivating manner which so much delighted us in England. She retains her English, and was pleased to talk to me in my own language. I observed that it was forty years since I first heard her at the opera in London. She instantly replied, 'thirty-nine.' I was in Portugal in 1807; and though the war was raging, I ventured to make my way to England through France. When at Paris I was denied a passport. However, I got introduced to Talleyrand, and by

the aid of a handful of gold I was put into a government boat, and ordered to lie down to avoid being shot, and, wonderful to relate, I got over in safety, with my little boy, seven months old.' I was surprised at the vigor of Madame Catalani, and how little she was altered since I saw her at Derby in 1828. I paid her a compliment upon her good looks. 'Ah!' said she, 'I'm grown old and ugly.' I would not allow it. 'Why, man,' she said, 'I'm sixty-six.' She has lost none of that commanding expression which gave her such dignity on the stage. She is without a wrinkle, and appears to be no more than forty. Her breadth of chest is still remarkable; it was this which endowed her with the finest voice that ever sang. Her speaking voice and dramatic air are still charming, and not in the least impaired."

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE BROTHERS.

- "In the shadow of the chancel wall,
Just where, when Morn awakes,
Gleams from the bright east window fall
Like severed rainbow-flakes,
A lonely grave it stands
With the dry earth black and bare,
It seems no loving hands
Were ever busy there.
- "Nun-lilies cloistered in their leaves,
Violets like infants' eyes,
Myrtles embalming summer eves,
All these the unwilling earth receives
And buries, ne'er to rise;
For on that dreary bed
Grows not a living thing—
There comes a breath from the unseen dead
To blast them as they spring.
- "Still and white is the spire aloft,
Still and white as the dead man's face,
And the quick clouds nod and whisper soft
The secret of the place.
The very Cross hath not
Its wonted pitying air,
Its gaunt arms wave me from the spot,
They tell me of despair!
- "We were in youth's first bloom,
Two brothers, loving-hearted—
Oh! Memory, how thy faint perfume
Breathes of the Morn departed!
Like a calm river ran
The course of his pure will,
And from a child he grew a man,
But kept his childhood still.
- "But I was full of wayward fears
And starts of angry feeling,
Loving the bitterness of tears,
Unconscious of their healing;
Mistrusting love that never failed,
For scorn mistaking sadness,
His very peacefulness availed
To lash me into madness!
- "Yet could his love subdue
The tumult into rest—
The music of his presence drew
The demon from my breast;
Till once—the hour, the place,
Abide with me forever;
Seals on the burning wax that trace
An image, fading never!
- "O softest twilight veil!
O shadows dim and dreary!
O stars, as tender and as pale
As eyes with weeping weary!
Ye were the witness of my crime,
Ye spake my condemnation;
Nature's fresh chorus for all time
Is made to me a funeral chime,
A knell of desolation.
- "I mocked him for his tears
With cold and cruel wit;
His sweet 'Good night' rings in mine ears,
And I cannot answer it!
I rose, in wrath, at morn,

Still brooding, in my blindness,
How to encounter scorn with scorn,
And quell him by unkindness:
These bitter things, and more,
In my dark heart I said;
And they met me at my chamber door,
And told me he was dead!

"I did not see him where he lay
With his white lips apart,
I could not look upon the clay,
Though I could bruise the heart!
I kissed him not in brother-guise,
I did not stoop to see
How the lids upon those childlike eyes
Were settled heavily.

"But I heard them telling that his breath
Passed like a babe's in sleeping,
And yet that on his face in death
There seemed a trace of weeping;
And I fled, like Cain who fled
From vengeance unforgiving,
There came no pardon from the dead,
No comfort to the living!

"And I have watched his tomb
Through many a mournful night,
And watched my garland's waning bloom
With the waxing of the light.
Each living thing I touch must fade,
The bare earth has not even a blade,
I am accursed of Heaven!
What do I see? a bud—a leaf—
A green shoot, dear as hope to grief—
O Christ! am I forgiven?"

A still, pale form was found
Upon that cold grave lying,
His arms about the Cross were wound,
And so he smiled in dying;
Beside him grew the symbol flower,
It sprang and blossomed in one hour,
Out of the dry sod breaking.
We raised his head in silent fear,
For we knew the sleep was very near
Which knows no earthly waking.

Somewhat he spake of childlike eyes
That seemed to greet him from the skies,
And of a bright, calm face,
Then raised his arms like one who tries
To answer an embrace,
And died so softly, that we deemed
'T was but the quiet sleep it seemed

OUR APPOINTED TIME.

Bound down to earth, the weary soul complains,
And struggles to escape; panting to rise,
And wing its way back to its native skies.
But He whose breath it is, who ever reigns
Supreme, amid the light of light sustains
Its fainting strength, and giveth life new ties,
To make endurance sweet, and thence supplies
A ray of heaven's bliss to earth's sad plains.
Peace, weary one! thou hast a work to do,
Which being fitly ended, thou shalt soar,
And having gained it, quit thy home no more:
Then with firm constancy thy course pursue,
Until all knowledge open on thy view,
When life is love, and love is to adore.

From the Spectator of 4 March.

CANADIAN POLITICS.

SINCE our recent observations on Canadian affairs, we have received newspapers and letters from the colony. The further intelligence is upon the whole satisfactory.

The provincial parliament is summoned for despatch of business. No change in the ministry had yet taken place; nor was any expected until the assembly should pass a vote of confidence in the present government. That the representative body would pass such a vote instead of the address proposed by the cabinet, no sort of doubt was entertained; and a general conviction prevailed, that one or two of the leaders of the majority (probably Messrs. Baldwin and Lafontaine) would be immediately "sent for" by the governor-general. That majority will probably, when the election petitions are disposed of, reach about 60 to 24 in a house of 84; it is called, as we should call such a majority here, "overwhelming."

A circumstance comes to light, which may prove highly favorable to the cause of responsible government in Canada. It appears that there is a decided "split" among the French Canadians. Mr. Papineau, who is elected by two constituencies, (though, as some reports say, against his will, and in spite of his determination not to sit in the assembly,) has put forth opinions hostile to the present form of government in Canada and adverse to British connection. Those opinions, as we are assured by newspaper organs of the majority, as well as by a highly respectable member of the party, (whose letter we print elsewhere,) are loudly repudiated by Mr. Lafontaine. In short, Messrs. Papineau and Lafontaine are at daggers-drawn. This rivalry, which is of long standing, has ended in alienation, or rather in open hostility. Their present quarrel is on the question of adherence to the constitution and to British connection: Mr. Lafontaine takes that side which every governor must take in such a difference; and he is supported by the great majority of the French race, as well as by the Upper Canadian or English liberals to a man. It follows that the Baldwin-Lafontaine party, from whose ranks the government must be presently formed, are prominently exhibited as friendly to constitutional ways and imperial dependence. Mr. Papineau has rendered them an important service.

We of course assume, however, that they will be able to lead a majority of the assembly, notwithstanding their difference with him; for if he could persuade a majority to agree with him, the severance of British connection would at once become a practical question; and even if he prevented them from leading a majority, without leading one himself, there would be sad confusion amongst the parties and much difficulty in carrying on the government. Our correspondent, "A Canadian," supposes that Mr. Papineau will adhere to the party now in power, forming one of a minority constituting the future opposition; but we cannot see

the possibility of any sort of alliance between him and the party who call themselves *par excellence* the friends of British connection. On the contrary, it seems to us probable that there will now be three parties in Canada—the "tories," being the party now in power; the anti-British, headed or prompted by Mr. Papineau, and constituting a small separate party in the assembly; and the "liberals," headed by Lafontaine and Baldwin, forming a large majority of the whole house, and furnishing the executive council or ministry.

Our correspondent, as well as Colonel Fitzgibbon, whose letter we published last week, objects to our view of Lord Elgin's position amongst the parties. But neither of us may be in the wrong, or both in the right. We are still confident that Lord Elgin has not concealed his hostility to a party in Canada calling itself "liberal;" but we now trust that the party with which he is so individually at variance, is that of Mr. Papineau, and not that of the majority in the new assembly. All depends, however, on the number of Mr. Papineau's adherents; for if they should be a majority, it will turn out that Lord Elgin is at personal variance with those to whom at all events the powers of government must be entrusted.

We will not discuss with our correspondent the vexed question of the dispute between Lord Metcalfe and his first ministry. The subject is worn out, or at any rate laid aside by the present state of things; and the recollection of it is good for nothing except as a lesson to the liberal party in favor of using power with moderation. It was in that light solely that we alluded to their long exclusion from office by the act of their leaders; and enough has been said about it for the purpose.

On the above suppositions, that the liberal anti-Papineau party is a large majority of the whole assembly, and that the governor-general has done and shall do nothing to displease *this* party, which must form the government probably for some years, the prospects of the colony are very satisfactory. There will, in that case, be one of the colonies of England really enjoying local self-government—that is, totally free from interference by distant secretaries of state. In the lords' debate on New Zealand, on Tuesday last, Lord Stanley supported Lord Grey's bill, because it was "a move in the right direction;" this right direction being the suspension for five years of *all* local self-government in a British colony. He declared that "the more the business of the colonies is left to the secretary of state and to the governors, the better will be the result." Well, we shall soon see by means of contrast; for, whatever else may happen, the present move in Canada is in a direction precisely opposite to that of the Lords Grey and Stanley, who substitute a constitution similar to that of Algeria, for another which, though fantastic and foolish enough in some of its parts, did not deprive Englishmen of what Lord Grey when in opposition used to call their birthright.

From the Spectator, of 4 March.

FRANCE, PAST AND PRESENT.

FRANCE, for the fifth time within little more than half a century, is engaged in the labor of trying to find out what is her governing influence. The government of a country always will be determined by that influence which is dominant; power will always be possessed by those who best know what is the balance of public opinion and how to use it. In the progress of nations, it happens that the influence which was once dominant ceases to be so, and is superseded by new influences; and most revolutionary troubles arise from uncertainty as to what is the paramount power. That influence may be in its nature permanent or transitory; but one great element of endurance is the comprehensiveness of its scope. That which is most partial in its bearing will be most liable to the broadest opposition, and can only exist by favor of a general ignorance. The absolute monarchy, under which the realm was a mere estate for the benefit of the sovereign and the favored few, was probably less intolerable to mere flesh and blood at the end of the last century than it had been in earlier times; but it had been tolerable only to dense ignorance and brute-like supineness, and as soon as the people knew the fraud put upon their dormant strength they shook off the burden. The absolute monarchy continued to exist by favor of a traditional opinion originating in the necessities of military chieftainship; as soon as that ceased to be the dominant opinion—or rather, as soon as it was *known* to be no longer the dominant opinion—the system of government was blown to the winds.

It was succeeded by a series of experimental governments, each failing because it was based on an opinion that passed away, and because it subserved only sectional interests. The republic, morally, socially, and politically, was based on a mere antagonism, bloody and fierce, and was essentially transitory. The empire, based on the victories of a fortunate military commander, tended to serve his interests. The empire failing, the nation beaten and out of heart, there was a reaction: the restoration was effected for the good of the Bourbons, with some reluctant and formal "concessions" to a new order of opinions—it was a practical anachronism. Once more, in 1830, the nation demanded a government for itself, but acceded to the proposal that some complimentary concession should be made to the old monarchical forms. In violation of the understanding which named him "*King of the French*," not "*of France*," Louis Philippe took advantage of those concessions to use the nation as a family estate: the constitutional monarchy was used for the benefit of Louis Philippe and his dependents. He went so far in this personal use of the nation as to violate the fundamental canon on which rests the safety of any constitutional throne—that the sovereign is incapable of wrong only so long as he abstains from personal interference in public affairs: he did interfere to the extent of being his own prime minister, and thus made himself *ministerially* respon-

sible. Had it not been so, the late discontent would have been satisfied by the removal of ministers: the revolution went beyond that, and was virtually an impeachment of Louis Philippe as a minister.

The present state of Paris exhibits the actual conflict of influences each to ascertain its mastery. The progress of the contest has wakened up sleepy politicians with surprise; those who had dozed into such reliance on the late order of affairs as to regard the reform movement in the light of a wild sally, were astounded to see it become an insurrection—to see M. Thiers passed over—then M. Odilon Barrot; but the astonishment reached its climax when the general adhesion of the different classes, and of one provincial town after another to the metropolitan movement, developed the vast extension of republican opinions. There has been what may be called a slight reaction—the same provisional government which acquiesced in hoisting the blood-red flag of destructive democracy, has repudiated that piratical ensign; but the incident, trivial as it may seem, goes to show that truly republican opinions have obtained a sway among all orders of society; the flag is to be the flag of the people, the tri-color; and the government, thoroughly republican in its character—including among its active secretaries, Albert, a working man—has not only refused to enter into any revolutionary excesses of violence, but has signalized its earliest acts by a degree of self-possession and clemency which marks a high standard both of morals and ability. The denunciation of capital punishment for political offences not only relieves the actual ministers from many odious fears of violence, so common with revolutionary bodies, and from much embarrassment in case any of the late ministers should fall into their hands, but also in the most emphatic manner stamps the present revolution with characters the very opposite of those which distinguished the revolution of 1789. The finding employment for the destitute—an expedient of dangerous policy, as a mere matter of economy—for the time annuls the great source of mob power, hunger; the enrolment of those republican "clients" into a movable national guard, will enable the government hereafter to march them away to "glory," or anywhere else. Foreign countries, north and south, will think twice before they assail a government which can thus dispose of its paupers. Heterogeneous as its composition appears, much as some of its minor acts infringe received political doctrines, there is vigor, ingenuity, and business-like ability, in the new government.

The provisional government professes to act "in the name of the people;" an authority more easily invoked than identified. It is equivalent to acting in the name of everybody; and everybody is proverbially nobody. A nation governed by everybody is in fact a nation without a head. A whole people is too cumbrous a power to be brought into action for any one purpose or at any one time. No other authority would be better, but none is more impossible to obtain for any effective object. You can

not take the sense of a nation by any but a complicated and tedious process. And yet, for all purposes of real government, there wants an authority that is prompt, decided, and sufficient. All nations, therefore, have adopted some institution intended to supply that active initiative organ which serves as an originator and executor of action, in lieu of the nation itself—the vicegerent of the nation—a substitute *assumed* for the nation. To be complete, it should tally as closely as possible with the nation in feeling, opinion and capacity; in the long run, and speaking very broadly, it should respond to the *mean* opinions and feelings of the people, independently of special opinions in a state of temporary excitation, of class interests, or even of the highest intellectual advancement. The expression of those partial modifiers may be left to the elective body, which *should* represent the sections of the people, their interests, feelings, and opinions, in all forms and degrees.

The endeavor to supply this central agent has been made in various ways—by an absolute kingly power, by “limited monarchy,” and by a republican presidency. The despotism fails on account of its strictly personal character, which makes the agency depend on individual disposition—corrupted, too, by the possession of unlimited power. Perhaps no “despotist” within the range of authentic history has been more “enlightened” than that of Leopold the First of Tuscany, who made surprising progress for his people in every branch of government—who freed commerce, reformed the church, purified the law, revived the administration—did everything but endow his people with the power of self-government; his elevation to the Austrian throne prevented that; and the consequence was, that as soon as he was removed from a *personal* superintendence of his work, the whole structure fell to pieces as if by a pantomime trick.

Perhaps the English monarchy furnishes the nearest approach to the correct working of a national central authority. Kept by a variety of influences within the pale of what is strictly customary and decorous, denied active political exertion except through ministers responsible to the public for their share of the action, the English monarchy is directed to a course corresponding with the average state of opinion—is prompt in its action within certain recognized and defined limits, is neutralized beyond those limits, and by that process of negation is constrained to act, upon the whole, according to the feelings and opinions of the people calculated on a broad consideration both of classes and of periods. The English monarchy represents no particular class—perhaps it as little misrepresents any class.

The Anglo-Americans have attempted to improve upon the English monarchy, in the creation of a central authority directly elected by the nation; but the result is not altogether happy. The temporary duration of the presidency in various ways tends to make the president subservient, not to the enduring opinion and universal feelings of the nation, but to the transitory opinion of each day and

to the feeling of the most active classes: the consequences are, that there has been a gradual deterioration in the chief magistrates of the union, from a Washington to a Polk; and that the central authority does not correspond to the nation of which it is the centre.

To discover a method of creating a central authority which should conform more exactly to the spirit of the nation, and yet be independent of transitory passions and sectional impulses, is still a desideratum, reserved possibly for the national convention which is to be held by our neighbors. They possess high qualifications, in their intelligence, their disposition to theoretical exactness, and their energy. We do not at present see that they possess men adequate to the work of constructing permanent institutions; and a still more certain counteraction is the highly military genius of the people—the machinery of military power always inclining to despotic authority.

It is not as a republic, but as a nation of military spirit, that France is a doubtful neighbor. If we recognize that fact, however, it is for the purpose of avoiding, not provoking, enmity. The inclination of the English people, we repeat again and again, is to maintain the most friendly relations with France. An extraordinary number of persons in this country just now concur in the wish to see republican institutions, if it is the will of France, fairly tried—a few from preference; others from a belief that France will not be satisfied without the excitement; others from curiosity. No ministerial act has given more general satisfaction in England than Lord John Russell’s declaration that this country will not at all interfere in the matter. Thus far, even the present government in Paris has been recognized as “Provisional,” and England at least is prepared to recognize any form of government authorized by the French nation. For that friendly disposition France has incurred a debt of confidence, and we see no disposition to repudiate it. On our side it is most necessary to keep on the best of terms with France. She is our nearest neighbor. We *cannot* fraternize with the absolute powers of Europe, whose every act is repugnant to our political convictions and opposed to our political conduct. Our government dares not evince a hostile antagonism to popular opinions which have admitted a representative of the working classes to a share of governing power; the Chartists can be safely kept down in no other way than by continuing to render their intervention unnecessary. There are therefore strong guarantees for mutual peace.

But the good understanding of the two countries must not altogether depend on the duration of a *general* peace in Europe, or it would be precarious indeed. The favorite topic of the Rhenish boundary has been postponed rather than abandoned; old ambitions clinging to the French in spite of their modern liberalism. Italian sympathies may provoke hostilities on another frontier. Either may involve an infraction of the treaties of 1815; and England would have a *casus belli*—as

she had in the instance of Cracow. She waived her right then, and can scarcely now resort to the mischievous pedantry of reviving it on the opposite side. Lord Palmerston foresaw that contingency, and recorded the warning to the northern powers. The treaties of 1815 are obsolete; they do not apply to that totally new order of things which is just now opening: in that new order, national events and acts must be dealt with on their merits, and not on stipulations which have lapsed; it would, in future, be very bad statesmanship to base any large policy on the treaties of 1815.

CHOLERA AND INFLUENZA.

Few records of human power are more striking than that presented in the second report of the Metropolitan Sanatory Commissioners. They may be said to show that they have those terrible visitants Cholera and Influenza within their grasp, and to have rendered both amenable to authority. The medical reader will refer to the reports of the commissioners, and to the original documents which they quote: it would be out of place here to attempt scientific precision, and we shall only endeavor to explain, in popular fashion, the kind of results that the commissioners have attained, and what remains to be done. With an industry minute and comprehensive, they have collated evidence from all quarters, abroad as well as at home; and the results are most important. The intimate nature of the two diseases, like that of all others, will probably be forever hidden from our perception; but the commissioners have established the nature of the conditions which must be combined in order to the development of the maladies, and the still more important fact that some of those conditions are within human control; so that if requisite authority be granted, it would be quite possible in this country to forbid that combination of causes, and thus to prevent the existence of either of the formidable epidemics.

Cholera is by no means the sudden and irresistible disease which it is supposed to be; to describe it broadly and properly, it is no more than the common disease diarrhoea developed to a monstrous form by a peculiar state of the atmosphere—an accumulation of moist exhalations with sudden changes of temperature. In like manner, influenza may be described as ordinary catarrh or "cold," developed by similar causes to a fatal epidemic. Influenza visits the same spots as cholera, and has preceded, accompanied, or followed other great mortal epidemics. Influenza is more fatal than cholera.

Towards the latter end of November, influenza broke out, and spread suddenly to such an extent that it is estimated that within five or six weeks it attacked in London no less than 500,000 out of 2,100,000 persons. Altogether, the excess of mortality in 1847 over the mortality of 1845 is 49,000; and in the metropolis there were within eleven weeks 6,145 deaths above the ordinary number—an excess greater than the entire mortality produced by the cholera in the twenty-one weeks during which it prevailed in the year 1832.

The frightful character of cholera is the rapidity with which it destroys: another cause of its fatal influence is that it often makes its approaches insidiously, *without pain*. But in its premonitory stage it is a disease that readily yields to medicine—to aromatics, opiates, and astringents. During the prevalence of cholera, the slightest manifestation of that premonitory disease should not for a moment be neglected; diarrhoea is inchoate cholera—cholera in its curable stage.

The predisposing causes both to cholera and influenza are humid exhalations and sudden alterations of temperature. Even the effects of temperature may be modified by human agency; but in most habitable spots the humid exhalations are greatly to be controlled. London, which has been so severely scourged by cholera and influenza, is dotted, intersected, and surrounded by an immense aggregate of bad drains, open ditches, stagnant pools, waste grounds, marsh and forest lands—all active sources of pestilential miasmata; all those sources may be abolished; and what is more, every improvement of that kind "pays," by the improvement of the neighboring property.

The general effect of the commissioners' report, then, is, that the march of cholera may effectively be resisted by medical treatment, administered at the earliest stage of the disease; that influenza may be mitigated; and that by diligence and comprehensive measures the predisposing causes of both epidemics may be removed. In order to such a combination, it is necessary that each district at least should be brought within one harmonious plan of proceeding; and that necessity applies with singular force to the metropolis. Some attempts are still made to exclude certain portions from the general authority; the city corporation for some old prejudices or some blind fear of expense, desiring to retain its privileges of exemption. A deputation waited on Lord Morpeth, last week, to petition for the abandonment of the bill which is to bring the city within the general authority: but we are glad to see that Lord Morpeth was firm. He should not have consented even to delay; time, tide, and cholera, wait for no man; and no time should be lost in filling up that great hiatus which the city as yet presents in the plans for opening the campaign against "death-dealing pestilence." At all events, the delay should be very brief; if the city demands a little longer enjoyment of its right to forego and obstruct the measures for rendering the metropolis more healthy, let the dangerous compliment be as much abridged as possible. It is to be hoped that Lord Morpeth's proverbial good-nature will not go so far as to concede any obstructive delay to the literally *pestilent* heresy of the city. The sanatory commissioners, to whose appointment he so much contributed, have shown that, terrible as the two epidemics are, it is within human and even within official power to grapple with them effectively; and the public will be very ill contented if the corporation, however worshipful, be permitted to hinder the advance of the public measures against those terrible enemies.—*Spectator*, 4 March.

PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenaeum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tail's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

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WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1848.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of our English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS